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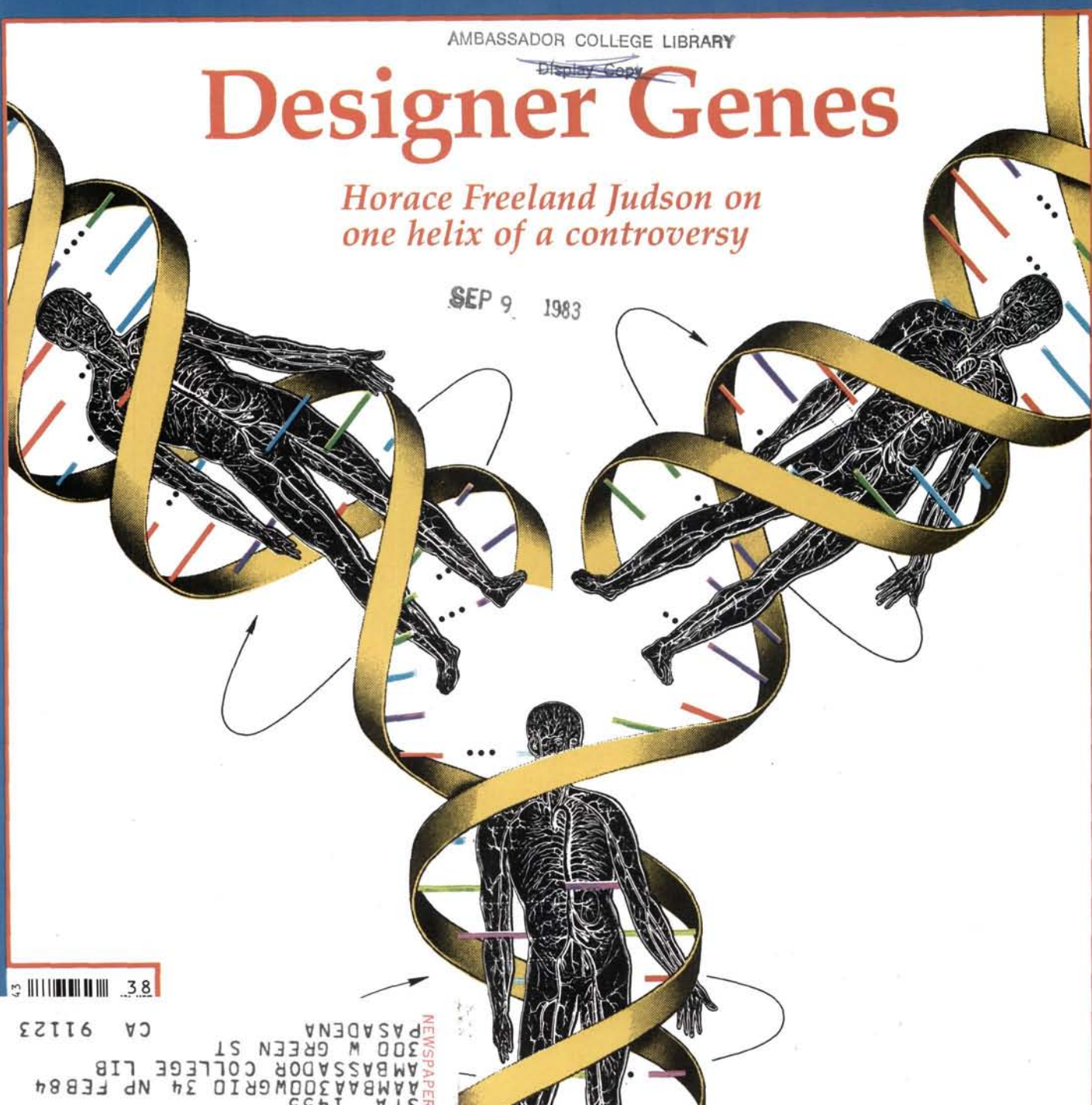

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4 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... On the Dodgers and the Democrats.

6 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... PAYMENT-IN-KILOTONNAGE

7 **THE EDITORS** ..... MARCH TO NOWHERE
The 1983 March on Washington reflected the malaise of America's black leadership. Understandably, even rightly, the march targeted Ronald Reagan. But what really keeps so many black people in poverty are teenage pregnancies and single-parent families.

EXIT, NOT EXEUNT
Mr. Begin is out, but the Marines are still in place.

NOTEBOOK

12 **HORACE FREELAND JUDSON** ... THUMBPRINTS IN OUR CLAY
Genetic engineering—or, as the scientists call it, recombinant DNA—has come under strong attack from religious leaders and others. Many of the attacks are rooted in ignorance of what the technology is—and of its huge potential for advancing knowledge.

18 **PENN KEMBLE** ..... THE NEW ANTI-UNION CRUSADE
The National Labor Relations Board is supposed to be an umpire. The Reagan Administration has turned it into a pinch hitter for one side. Guess which.

22 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: FLASH AND FRAUD
Risky Business goes from the trite to the tedious; *The Star Chamber* is a phony right from the start.

26 **ROBERT BRUSTEIN** ..... ON THEATER: MUSICALIZED PROPAGANDA
Loaded with camp and crassness, *La Cage aux Folles* celebrates a falsely bland portrait of gay life.

27 **VICTOR BROMBERT** ..... SINCERELY, M. PROUST
Selected Letters (1880-1903)
by Marcel Proust
edited by Philip Kolb

30 **MARTHA BAYLES** ..... IRISH TROUBLES, IRISH TRUTHS
Cal by Bernard Mac Laverty

32 **ERICH SEGAL** ..... THE ATHLETIC HERO
Sport and the Spirit of Play in American Fiction: Hawthorne to Faulkner by Christian K. Messenger

34 **STEPHEN A. SCHUKER** ..... GET SMART
The Shadow Warriors: O.S.S. and the Origins of the C.I.A.
by Bradley F. Smith

The Last Hero: Wild Bill Donovan
by Anthony Cave Brown

36 **JOYCE PESEROFF** ..... POEM *Study*

43 **CAPE COD DIARIST** ..... LETTER TO MY SUMMER HOUSE GUESTS

COVER by John Pack for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Article on page 12.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Volume 189, Numbers 12 & 13, Issues 3,583 & 3,584, September 19 & 26, 1983. (Printed on August 31, 1983.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated January 10 & 17, July 18 & 25, August 15 & 22, and September 19 & 26) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Advertising (202) 331-9787. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $45; foreign, $67; Canada, $55. Back issues, $2.00 (includes postage & handling).

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CORRESPONDENCE

SHADOWING THE DEMOCRATS

To the editors:

Morton Kondracke paints a portrait of John Glenn and Walter Mondale as appearing very close on the issues—especially "peace" vs. "strength" ("The Shadow Foreign Policy," TNR, August 8). I have no way of knowing what Mondale's position would have been had he voted on the nerve gas bill that came before the Senate July 13, but I am guessing, judging from past performances and positions, that he would have voted against it. John Glenn, however, voted to authorize $130 million for production of nerve gas bombs. It is significant that this vote was deadlocked, requiring Vice President Bush to cast a tiebreaking vote. Glenn voted with thirteen other Democrats and thirty-five Republicans, and against thirty-two Democrats and seventeen Republicans. Is this the man who now seems to be almost even with Mondale in the race for the Democratic nomination? More important, is this the same man who tells us he's for peace? Perhaps we should get his definition of "peace"; it seems to get broader all the time.

MARGARET B. MOSS
Ridgefield, Connecticut

To the editors:

Morton Kondracke's article must be corrected. He writes, "Senator Ernest F. Hollings has presented the mystifying spectable of a longstanding military hawk suddenly turned dove." In support of this, he says that in the earlier Reagan years I supported an increase of $33 billion for defense. False. In those years I supported an increase of $73 billion. Then Mr. Kondracke writes, "He changed his mind in 1982, however, first recommending a freeze on all spending including defense. . . ." False. I recommended a freeze of defense at 3 percent. When my freeze was rejected, I voted in December of 1982 for an increase in defense of $28 billion. This year, I again recommended the same freeze for defense at 3 percent. Again, this proposal was rejected and I expect to vote for the defense appropriations bill when we pass it later this year.

Mr. Kondracke also writes that I supported Jimmy Carter's MX "racetrack" plan. False. I also opposed Reagan's "dense-pack" plan and was the leading Senator in killing the appropriations for MX just this past December. Mr. Kondracke states, "He opposed Carter's SALT II proposals, but now backs a nuclear freeze." True—and there is no inconsistency. A nuclear freeze would be a binding, verifiable agreement; SALT II seemed to represent an agreement without actually being an agreement. It did not control missiles or warheads or launchers. I oppose SALT II for many reasons, but a nuclear freeze that is mutual and verifiable would be a firm agreement and a good first step toward controlling the arms race.

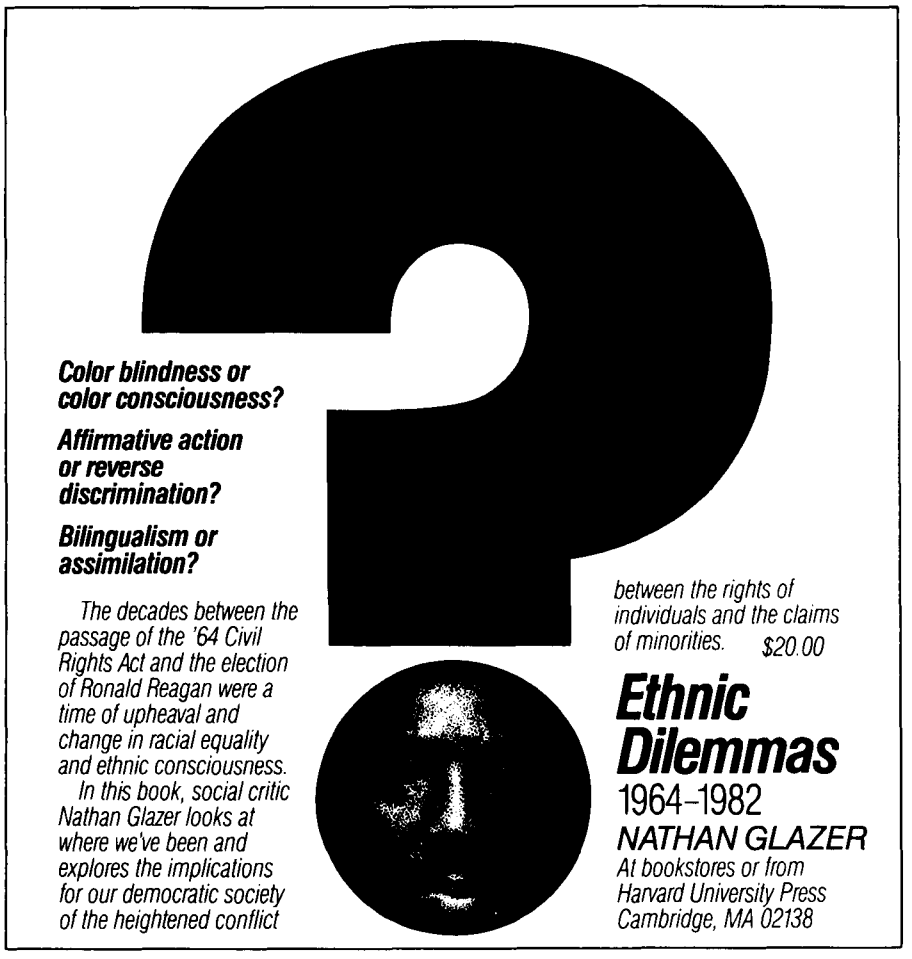
For Mr. Kondracke's enlightenment, this "dove" is the principal author of the bill to reinstitute the draft, as well as a proposal to break the I.N.F. arms limitation deadlock in Geneva.

ERNEST F. HOLLINGS
United States Senate

Mr. Kondracke replies:

To respond to Senator Hollings's objections in order: (1.) Sorry, the $33 billion figure came from *The Washington Post*, whose error I repeated. But my point still holds: somebody who favors a freeze on defense spending and then votes $73 billion in increases has a mystifying set of priorities. (2.) In the *Congressional Record* of February 10, 1982, Senator Hollings calls for a flat freeze in the FY 1983 defense budget and 3 percent increases in subsequent years. (3.) On November 9, 1979, Senator Mark Hatfield moved to eliminate $670 million from the defense appropriations bill for development of the MX mobile missile. Hollings voted "Nay." On July 2, 1980, he voted against a John Glenn motion to delay missile production pending a report on making the MX mobile. I cannot find anything in *Congressional Quarterly* reports prior to the Reagan years indicating Hollings opposed the missile. I accept his correction on the racetrack mode. (4.) The SALT II-freeze dispute is a complex matter of opinion, but I submit that the Senator applied far tighter standards of

continued on page 39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FROM WASHINGTON

PAYMENT-IN-KILOTONNAGE

The latest recruit to the view that the Reagan Administration's budget deficits—present and prospective—are dangerous and are caused by Reaganomics is none other than former President Gerald Ford. Mr. Ford took a moment out of his grueling schedule of celebrity pro-am golf and corporate board meetings the other day to call for tax increases and a reduction in defense spending.

That is not exactly the Reagan company song. But it is a version of what candidate George Bush was saying three years ago, when he called the Reagan idea of vastly reducing taxes on business while vastly increasing defense spending while balancing the budget "voodoo economics." Some cynical Washingtonians (who think nothing happens without a reason) even see the Ford statement as the opening of a campaign for Mr. Bush as the 1984 Republican Presidential nominee, and thus a faint sign that Mr. Reagan does not want another term after all.

Perhaps. Very few cabdrivers can be found to support this view (although, as most Washington columnists know, it only takes one). But all the talk about deficits, and the very real possibility that the failure to limit increases in Pentagon spending may abort the modest economic recovery, has started some innovative thinking—among the drivers and their passengers—about how to limit that growth.

Surely, this theory runs, Congress will be no help unless the whole focus of defense spending shifts. Even those members of Congress who know in their hearts that the Russians are well behind us in every defense area that matters—who know that U.S. spending does its bit to fuel the arms race and that the weapons on both sides are more than enough not only to deter aggression but to incinerate us all—are virtually powerless. If they speak up, too many of their colleagues, too many institutions that benefit from increased weapons spending, and too many in the press are ready to label them as "soft" on communism—or worse, as not in "the real world." In addition, Defense Department spending now occurs, cannily enough, in something like 350 of the 435 congressional districts. The howls about lost jobs are enough to make the bravest member think twice.

Where, then, is the solution? Some think the answer lies in the generally successful approach we have taken for the past fifty years to another needy and clamorous group in our society—the farmers. It is in agriculture where the principle of payment for *nonproduction* has become enshrined, and where the answer to limiting the growth of arms might be found.

Ever since the days of Henry Wallace, who dreamed of what he called an "ever-normal granary," U.S. farm policy has been geared to limiting production while stabilizing income. The Commodity Credit Corporation, under one name and program or another, has been buying crops if the price drops below a level of "parity," provided farmers will limit their acreage in return. In the time of Eisenhower, we began what was euphemistically called a "soil bank"—that is to say, fallow land for which farmers would be paid as though they had actually grown the crops.

Now, some success is being reported from the "payment-in-kind" program (PIK), under which, if farmers refrain from planting certain crops, they will be paid in surplus crops, which they may dispose of as they wish—as though they had planted, grown, and harvested them themselves. The aim is to reduce the surpluses (the drought has helped here), stabilize farm income, and maintain our agricultural capability.

What better model for the Pentagon

continued on page 39

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
SEPTEMBER 19 & 26, 1983

MARCH TO NOWHERE

To most Americans over forty—perhaps even over thirty-five—the 1963 March on Washington is an incandescent memory. It was one of those events one tells one's children about. It was also a turning point in the history of the United States, after which the country's civil institutions would, on the issue of race, finally and however painfully be brought into line with its civil religion: individuals were not to be excluded from the political life of the republic, not to be barred from the doors of economic opportunity and social advancement, not to have their claims weigh less on the scales of justice simply on account of color.

What made that outpouring of humanity in the summer sun twenty years ago an event in the long annals of race relations in America as significant as the Emancipation Proclamation? At least three factors are to be noted. The first was the moral authority of the aggrieved and of their grievance: mass suffering so pointless, disenfranchisement so arbitrary, hopes so elemental. The second was the urgency of their cause: despite a liberal Administration that would have preferred to equivocate on race as previous liberal Administrations had, the country could no longer ignore those turned away by law and custom from what both Constitution and ideology pledged would be open to all. The gravity of their militancy, the solemnity of their endurance, constituted in the end a great illumination. The third was a man who was—and in our era there has been only one American who authentically merited the appellation—a charismatic personality.

Of course, the movement was much more than one man. But in the mind and soul of Martin Luther King Jr., and in his voice—that voice which may have pierced heaven as certainly as it pierced the walls of callousness on earth, came together the experiences of workers and dreamers so inspired and so often disdained that one does not exaggerate in thinking of them as a species of saints. Dr. King was the first black man in our history—let there be many such!—who had in his legions more whites than blacks. This mass movement of whites as well as of blacks is his distinctive achievement, not because it is better to lead whites than it is to lead blacks, but because without whites stirred to join with blacks in redressing the wrongs done them, those wrongs could never be redressed.

In the fifteen years since the assassination of Dr. King, other black leaders have tried, so to speak, to raise his spirit from the dead, evoke his eloquence, muster his sway. Some of these efforts have been poignant, others silly, still others cynical. The flame cannot be kept alive by self-serving words, and certainly not by actions out of character with the love for America that shines through Dr. King's 1963 speech. Since his death the civil rights leadership has been without a leader. Not that there haven't been pretenders, some of whom had derided him while he lived and for precisely those of his qualities—the courage of the nonviolent preeminent among them—which had won him and them the victories upon which other victories were to be built.

It is instructive and also saddening to recapitulate some of this desultory history. The Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee dissolved in its rancor toward whites; some of its most prominent leaders scattered—to Africa, to just this side of the asylum, to a political atrophy so total it could be the consequence only of the kind of Jacobin ambition that preceded it. And after years of litigation and unseemly squabbles with its associated Legal Defense Fund, the N.A.A.C.P. does not even know who actually has responsibility for its own operations; some of the community's most respected luminaries have taken to the general press to counsel institutional suicide, desperate but telling advice. Another organization with an identity crisis is the Congress of Racial Equality, the very existence of which is a matter of dispute; suffice it to say that the visionary figure of its early years, James Farmer, was long since gone when the successor leadership found itself in trouble with the New York authorities for cheating on its contributors and its purposes. Mr. Farmer now devotes himself to what has proven the hardest and probably the most necessary public cause, that of integrated housing—a cause which does not interest many in the black leadership (sadly, it does not interest others either) because integrated neighborhoods would threaten the safe seats of

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the ensconced black politicians. CORE's Floyd McKissick, it will be remembered, tumbled to Richard Nixon for empty promises, as the Southern Christian Leadership Conference's Ralph Abernathy tumbled to Ronald Reagan for even emptier ones.

Because S.C.L.C. was Dr. King's organization, its disintegration is the most poignant. Jesse Jackson struck out on his own out of Chicago; he had a scheme rather than a dream. The scheme seems to work, but to what purpose? In Atlanta, S.C.L.C. has flailed around for more than a decade in search of an issue and a constituency, its activities often an embarrassment even to its well-wishers. Its one asset, the memory of Martin Luther King, having been pressed into promiscuous service, was not appreciating. Coretta King, the faithful widow, sensed the opportunity offered by the twentieth anniversary of Dr. King's great movement—the movement's great moment—and called for a commemoration. Neither in the black leadership nor at the grass roots was there much enthusiasm for a march. But once the idea was announced and the date set, there was no way to resist it; only the Urban League, steadier in its work than the others, declined to participate. In the end, many of those who went to this year's march did so not only to honor the memory of 1963, and not only to support "Jobs, Peace, Freedom" (who could be against them in the abstract?), but also to keep an expression of black protest from falling on its face. Even so, the crowd was smaller than the number that turned out either for labor's 1981 Solidarity Day march in Washington or for the nuclear freeze demonstration in New York last year.

WHAT THIS MALAISE in the black leadership reflects is the absence of a vivid moral vision. The absence of that vision is in turn expressed in whatever the leadership undertakes. But there are always individuals and groups at the edges of our political life ready to compensate for the absence of moral clarity with their own sectarian causes. So this march may just be another enterprise, vaguely well intentioned, that became a holding company of ideological sectarianisms. Surely it is another case of manipulation and exploitation of blacks with their organizational needs by whites with their organizational agendas. What, after all, has a speech given in behalf of the Democratic Revolutionary Front of El Salvador got to do with Dr. King's message of nonviolence? What sort of "freedom" is meant when among the speakers and among the conveners and planners are long-time apologists for some of the bloodiest tyrannies of the age? With what ethical credentials does James Abourezk, one-time vicar of the Ayatollah Khomeini in the United States, speak for justice? Why was a representative of the pseudo-pacifist Greenham Common Women's Peace Encampment, which routinely speaks of the American "occupation" of Britain, given a platform to speak in the shadow of Abraham Lincoln, who waged war for a free Union? What is the ideology of the Native American who spoke up for the persecuted Indians of Guatemala but failed to notice the persecuted Indians of Nicaragua? Why did no one mention the Poles?

At least one thing can be said for this motley collection of issues, causes, and allies. This year's march does show that "black nationalism" or separatism is for all intents and purposes dead. In 1963 there was tension between "moderates" like Dr. King and "militants" like John Lewis (a genuinely wise man, now a city councilman in Atlanta). In the following decade, black nationalism flowered (perhaps more strongly in the media than in the community). At SNCC, Mr. Lewis was forced out as insufficiently militant by Stokely Carmichael, who gave way to H. Rap Brown, who was displaced by the Black Panthers, and so on down a diminishing line that has now petered out in the courtroom where a defendant in the Nanuet murder-robbery case is demanding to be tried as a prisoner of war. The phenomena of mau-mauing, of guilt-tripping white liberals, of separatist fantasies, of dashiki-clad jive—these have pretty much run their course. The dream of integration may have lost much of its luster, but the dream of separation has lost even more. The "salt and pepper" constituency that so moved Josephine Baker at the 1963 march, and for whose future she shrewdly feared, has now in some measure been restored. There was no visible racial tension at the march, and that is certainly a good thing. May it also be an auguring.

A symmetrical paradox underlies the assessments by right and left as to whether (and how much) progress against the confines of discrimination has actually been made by black people during the last twenty years. Conservatives say that so much progress has been made that there is virtually nothing left to protest; at the same time they question wholesale the effectiveness of the programs under which much of the progress was actually achieved. Radicals, and some liberals, too, maintain that ours is a relentlessly racist society, questioning whether much progress has been made at all—and suggesting, falsely, that the civil rights movement has been a failure.

Let us review (and revel in) some of the progress that *has* been made. The legal edifice of segregation no longer exists. Twenty years ago blacks could be, and were, legally denied the right to be served in a public restaurant, to stay in a public hotel, to use a public restroom, to sit in a seat of their choice on a public bus. Blacks were quasi-legally denied the right to vote throughout most of the South. All that has utterly changed. Even in Mississippi, the two contenders in the Democratic runoff for governor courted black voters, wanted them to register and to vote; and if, here and there, one still finds reason to send in federal officials to guarantee access to the polls, it is, and everyone knows it, less an omen of the future than a remnant of the past. In thousands of communities across the country black and white children attend integrated schools—some of them through successful and, in many places, quite uncontroversial, busing programs.

The massive achievements are not simply in the legal sphere. In elite universities and law firms, the barriers to black advancement have crumbled. In various professions newly recruited blacks now command higher salaries than

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whites, according to the fine old market theory of supply and demand. In these areas, the one impediment to greater black progress is still—and how could it have been otherwise so soon after the political triumph of civil rights?—a shortage of adequately trained individuals. Already troubled black colleges, for example, have suffered from competitive raiding of their faculties by more prestigious institutions. Sometimes, it should be admitted, unqualified blacks advance; that's another sign of parity with whites whose individual progress is, of course, also not always according to the strictest meritocratic standards. New laws and new customs have anointed a class of arbitrarily selected black businessmen to profit from public and private contracts, sometimes not competitively and not always in seemly fashion. An enormous black middle class has emerged which may amount to the most startling and startlingly fast demographic revolution in American history. None of this can truthfully be denied. (The organizers of this march know this, yet their call asserts, preposterously, that there is a "rising tide of extremism" and a serious revival of the Ku Klux Klan. The white sheet hysteria is a contrivance of people who want to be heard and funded but really have nothing to say.)

A particularly striking achievement of these last years is the emergence of elected black politicians whose margins of victory—sometimes whose fundamental bases of support—come from whites. These politicians, especially the big-city mayors, are today perhaps the most important black leaders in the country. Few of them were prominent in the march. Their concerns are those of practical justice; and, alas, even black mayors of big cities must sometimes cut budgets. The intoxicating fantasies of the march about cutting the defense budget by 25 percent will not pay the salaries of any laid-off school teacher or firefighter. The elected black leadership, particularly in the cities, must engage in a brand of coalition-building rather different from the facile ideologized coalitions that appeared on the Mall. One reason that the most pragmatic, which is to say the most practical and programmatic, of these politicians are discomfited by Jesse Jackson's possible candidacy for the Presidency is that they see it (his personal hustling aside) as intruding the heady and illusionary slogans of the frustrated black streets onto the relatively more concrete politics of realistic coalitions and compromise.

Nonetheless, the frustrated black streets and the need for coalitions with liberal whites are the immediate polar constraints within which these politicans work. For all the advances made by blacks into the middle and upper middle classes, the realities at the bottom of the black social ladder may never have been grimmer. The fact that there are black millionaires does nothing to elevate the life of the black poor. No group's rich really elevate its poor unless and until its communal institutions establish bonds of loyalty that move downward in the hierarchy as well as upward; this has not yet happened in black America. Even the importance of the achieving black role model seems to have been overestimated as an instrument for mobilizing the dormant ambitions of the black poor. The black professional class, the black professoriat, the black entrepreneurial vanguard have simply not taken responsibility for their own. There is not at this crucial stage in the development of the black community even a single thoughtful and deeply honest publication among black intellectuals—there is hardly a forum of any sort in this vein—willing to engage in those necessary acts of painful self-criticism without which neither intellectual clarity about the black social condition nor concrete understanding of how to alter it will be attained.

THE STATISTICAL indices of black (and non-black) poverty are rising; and if there were some psychological index of black poverty the reality it would illumine would be terribly dispiriting. Barely half of black men over sixteen are employed. Some of this unemployment is a direct function of government policy and temporary or permanent economic trends. But many of these are unemployed because they are unemployable—not because they are indolent but because they are, perhaps even in some clinical sense, depressed. That's what cumulative poverty does. It breeds generation upon generation of excluded, hopeless, chronically dependent people. The policies that derive from the Reaganite doctrine of the stone heart exacerbate and intensify this often inarticulated suffering. But they are not its fundamental causes.

Reagan as political target is a convenient and useful improvisation. His draconian cuts in expenditures for special education, for example, have already impeded the practical adventure of learning for precisely those youngsters who require additional help and inspiration. It is, after all, a truism that not everyone comes to the doors of opportunity without need of further assistance. Of course, this one instance of social parsimony does not exhaust the ways in which the present Administration has turned its back on the poor in order to pave the way for the greater prosperity of the speculating castes. Never in our history has more of the sparse supply of investment capital been funneled to nonproductive, unnecessary, and socially disfiguring tax shelter ventures. So Reagan as political target is also a status quite deserved, though it is for us still a little much to hear him routinely depicted as the warmongering focus of absolute evil by folk who have embraced, let us say, Yasir Arafat as a man of peace, or who trip grudgingly over their words in naming men like Yuri Andropov and Fidel Castro for what they are.

One of the unexamined assumptions of the march is support for affirmative action in employment and schooling—an unexceptionable notion when it means vigorously recruiting qualified black applicants, a controversial (and, to us, unacceptable) one when it means, as it often does, quotas. It is revealing to recall what quotas meant in the past: an arbitrary exclusion of Jews or Orientals from jobs and schools where their ability to perform was never doubted. Quotas now mean an arbitrary inclusion of minority individuals in positions where the ability to perform is precisely at issue. An inevitable corollary is the exclusion of others whose performance is not in ques-

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tion. Which brings us to the problem of coalition-building. How are stable and deeply rooted liberal alliances with trade unions—rather than perfunctory and symbolic appearances by trade union leaders—to be secured when quotas undermine the hard-won and justified principle of seniority in the workplace? The vesting of blacks and other minorities with corporate rights to a precise share of the goods of society is a significant departure from our constitutional and philosophical tradition, which recognizes no legal entitlements or rights to groups but only to individuals. This departure has already motivated other racial and ethnic groups to make unprecedented corporate claims on the public weal. It is a sure formula for inflaming and perpetrating intergroup hatred. And it won't work for the black poor. Their children are done no service by having teachers whose appointment has been secured through less exacting requirements. And what does anyone think is the consequence of the application of racial quotas in public housing projects—those grim urban fortresses of despair—whereby blacks are plucked from the end of a long chronological waiting list to make sure that there are 20 percent of them and 10 percent Hispanics in the least dreary of the dreary apartments? How explain that to depressed whites? And how justify it? Maybe the overachieving Jewish lad whose "rightful" place at the Harvard Law School will be taken by a somewhat less overachieving black lad (and, in any case, not usually from disadvantaged background) will end up at the University of Chicago; it may not be fair—and the question of fairness is an important question!—but it's probably no great tragedy. And it won't end up in violence on the streets either. Not so other applications of quotas, which are the more invidious because they extract society's concessions to black people as compensation for past wrongs from other people—not inordinately privileged people, by the way, and wholly innocent of enforcing or profiting from the black condition. And what kind of a patchwork country would we be, how open would the doors of opportunity be, if each group—black, Jewish, Italian, Irish, Chinese, Chicano, etc.—had its mandated portion of Columbia Medical School graduates, federal judges, magazine editors, airline pilots?

LET US ANTICIPATE that "Reaganism is obliterated from the face of this earth," as one speaker at the march characterized its goal. Let us contemplate that Fritz Mondale is elected President with a good liberal Congress, with many more blacks in it than in the current one. Let us even imagine for the moment that the next President is not Mr. Mondale, nor even Alan Cranston, but Jesse Jackson—and that he turns out to surprise everyone with the soundness of his political imagination. Let us assume, then, that there won't be an MX, but a nuclear freeze instead. What, five or ten years hence, will be the situation of the black poor? There is a specter at once haunting and inhibiting the economic and social progress of black Americans. It is almost impossible to allude to it without being accused of racism. But it is a tragic truth on which the indices of black poverty, statistical and psychological, are based. There is an epidemic—the metaphor of pathology is not inappropriate, for what is involved is the health of the black community—of single-parent families, unmarried mothers, deserting fathers. Recent figures from the Bureau of the Census show the extent of the epidemic. Forty-one percent of black families are headed by women without husbands present, up almost a third in the last decade. The divorce rate among blacks has more than doubled in a decade, and is now double that of whites. The percentage of black children living in one-parent homes rose from 32 percent to 49 percent in the same period; these children's homes may account for close to 80 percent of the black poor. It's obvious why these families are poorer: none of them has income from two wage earners, few from even one. Most are supported by the welfare system. Even more to the point is the social contagion of teenage pregnancies, which would only be exacerbated were the Administration's war on the abortion option to succeed. But even with widely available birth control information and publicly funded abortions (not exactly an ideal expenditure of social capital), the demographics tell a terrible story, presage a worse one: young women, girls really, still children themselves having children, passing on depression and helplessness from generation to generation. According to a study in the May/June issue of *Family Planning Perspectives*, a publication of the Guttmacher Institute, the fertility rate of black teenagers in the United States is by far the highest in the developed world. For every thousand black females under nineteen, most of them unmarried, there are 515 children born into all kinds of disadvantages of life: inadequate mothering or worse, the absence of a father, the chintzy and humiliating public dole as the most common source of income, the trap of dependence. Among teenagers between fourteen and seventeen in the West, black fertility exceeds the next highest rate by a factor of 2.5 to 1. For unmarried mothers of all ages the ratio of black to white is almost 5 to 1; for ages fifteen to nineteen, the ratio is almost 6 to 1. This is a demographic disaster—nothing less.

A convener of the Washington march and the Delegate to Congress from the District of Columbia, Walter Fauntroy, dismisses the connection between black poverty and black family structure. Some hard-hearted on the right say it is the whole story. It is, alas, much of the story, that part of it not easily affected by even the most farsighted and generous public expenditures and public attitudes. But it should not embarrass black people or the black leadership. The disintegration of the black family, once so stable, is another of the consequences of our indifferent—no, cruel—past. But this is 1983, not the years of slavery, or of the post-Reconstruction racist consolidation, or of the disruptive migrations northward. Though it won't be easy, someone must begin to address the problem now, and it probably should be blacks first. And a march of all the causes on the left does little more than divert attention from what makes miserable the most miserable of our black brothers and sisters.

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EXIT, NOT EXEUNT

Menachem Begin has decided to go home to his Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises. Though he was clearly exasperated with the interminable bickering of his fractious Likud coalition, this time over economic issues, Mr. Begin, unlike the general he sometimes resembled, has resigned not out of pique with his people but mostly out of exhaustion. He is exhausted from fifty years of continual struggle for his particular vision of Zionism; from the dilemmas and casualties resulting from Israel's occupation of southern Lebanon; above all, from having to face his struggle alone without his wife of forty-three years who died last November. He will go home to write his history of Zionism. Perhaps "record" is a better term, since he's been writing Jewish history—violently sometimes, forcefully always—for most of his life.

Mr. Begin is stepping down, but he has agreed to give his Likud allies a week or so to unite behind a successor—most likely the foreign minister, Yitzhak Shamir—to ensure a smooth transition, and most of all, to prevent the Labor opposition from taking over the government with the help of some potential defectors from the Begin coalition. Under Mr. Shamir, Israeli policy, and in particular Israeli foreign policy, will be indistinguishable from current policy. Israel, however, will change. It will have seen the last of its charismatic founding leaders—it's hard to imagine a crowd chanting "Shamir, King of Israel"—and that's probably a good thing. Charismatic leadership is able to suppress petty factionalism, like the factionalism among Israeli rightists (which is already reemerging even before Mr. Begin's resignation becomes official). It could unite a country behind historic—and very difficult—decisions, like the Camp David treaty and the withdrawal from Sinai. But Mr. Begin also cast his spells for meaner causes. His remorseless, often vindictive, partisanship exacerbated the abiding divisions along Israel's natural political fault lines—Revisionist vs. Labor Zionism, orthodox vs. secular, Ashkenazi vs. Sephardi—and has left his country more divided, and more troubled, than ever.

The United States has its own odd divisions of left and right. The left wants to get out of Central America, the right to get out of the Middle East. The deaths of two American Marines, and the wounding of fourteen others, which occurred when Shiite militiamen fired on Lebanese Army positions near the Beirut Airport, have moved Senator Barry Goldwater and others who are normally thrilled by the sight of an American flag on foreign soil to demand the urgent withdrawal of American troops from Lebanon. The problem is that the Marines are not there alone. They are part of a multinational force including French, British, and Italians, whose sole purpose is to try to keep alive the fragile pro-Western Lebanese government that emerged as a result of Israel's expulsion of the P.L.O. and Syria from western and southern Lebanon in last year's war. The withdrawal of the American soldiers would kill the Gemayel government, and would most likely be followed by anarchy and the return of the P.L.O. and Syria—an outcome distinctly contrary to American interests. The United States should not allow a weak and dependent ally to fall for lack of a relatively small commitment of American power.

It is not clear whether these casualties necessarily require invocation of the sixty-day limit of the War Powers Act. Nor is it clear whether the War Powers Act itself is constitutional, given the Supreme Court action three months ago voiding the legislative veto. Nevertheless, a policy which has as its inevitable result the death of American soldiers overseas (it is a miracle that the Marines went eleven months without sustaining any combat casualties—the French and Italians have suffered many losses already) should be backed by a national consensus. And consensus requires action by Congress. Invoking the War Powers provision, which requires congressional approval for deployment of American forces in areas of hostilities, would give Congress an opportunity to debate, and, we hope, endorse this limited commitment of American forces in an essential mission.

NOTEBOOK

□ SIGNS OF THE TIMES, sighted at the March on Washington on August 27: "We still have a dream: Jobs, Peace, Freedom"; "Redheads against bigotry"; "If you think this system is working, ask someone who isn't"; "Khomeini worse than Hitler"; "Labor must defend PATCO"; "World Cannabis March on the U.N."; "Imperialism in the Caribbean—What's U.S. capitalism after?"; "Mel King Para Alcalde"; "No Euroshima! Stop Cruise and Pershing missiles"; "Oberlin for Peace and Justice"; "Stop Import Cars"; "We live in a thermonuclear concentration camp"; "Sikhs for Peace"; "Stop the deportation of Hector Marroquin"; "Life is a temporary assignment"; "UAW: We need jobs, not food stamps"; "King died for this"; "When you stand up, and you stand out . . . they shoot you"; "The only solution for African mass unification is revolutionary pan-African organization"; "Praise be to Allah, I'm growing in Islam"; "I recognize Israel's right to exist"; "We are in the promised land—Dimona, Israel: The original African Hebrew Israelite Nation of Jerusalem"; "B&B—Caterers of distinction"; "Vermont still has the dream"; "We believe in the dream—Burger King"; "We all have a dream—Vote Democratic"; "Celebrate Astroeconomics"; "Pantex: The end of the world begins"; "No first use"; "Women and girls can do anything"; "Common sense is not so common to Reagan"; "Ronald Reagan is doo-doo"; "Lion of Judah"; "75 percent of the elderly poor are women: Why?"; "Gay-Lesbian Quakers"; "Southern dykes for human rights"; "Hell is War"; "It'll be a great day in Virginia when our schools get all the money they need . . . and the Pentagon has to hold a bake sale to buy a bomber"; "Support Southern African Liberation Struggles"; "Boy-

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cott Campbell's Soup"; "I'm proud to be union"; "Solidarnosc"; "Solidarity with every just struggle"; "Jobs not jellybeans"; "Come home America—McGovern/Eagleton"; "We have no right to kill, eat or wear animals"; "Antarctica wants a freeze"; "Unitarian Unilateralists"; "U.S. out of El Salvador"; "Save the Whales"; "3/100,000,000 of the Pentagon's budget feeds a family of four for a year"; "Damn straight! It's time for a black presidential candidate"; "Run, Jesse, Run"; "Up your arsenal, Pentagon"; "Gay and lesbian rights *are* civil rights"; "Save Rhodes Tavern, D.C.'s landmark of home rule"; "I am here."

□ EXACTLY FIVE YEARS after coming here as literary editor, Jack Beatty leaves THE NEW REPUBLIC this week to become a senior editor of *The Atlantic*. In his time at TNR he fashioned a literary section that some people seem to think has been one of the two or three best, perhaps the best, in the country. (Of course we would never say a thing like that ourselves.) Jack's own writing for the magazine, on subjects ranging from William Styron to Tip O'Neill, was marked by the same moral seriousness and Hibernian enthusiasm he brought to his stewardship of the back of the book. In going to Boston he goes home; but the Beatty clan's gain is our loss. We'll miss him.

□ SUMMER SCHEDULE: This is a combined issue of TNR. We'll be back with the October 3 issue, printed on September 14.

□ TWENTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The most consistent quality of white America's experience with the Negro is that almost nothing happens that we—or perhaps even he—expects to have happen. Faithful to that tradition, Washington waited most of the summer for the avenging Negro army to march on Washington for Jobs and Freedom; what came was the largest religious pilgrimage of Americans that any of us is ever likely to see." ("The March on Washington," by Murray Kempton, September 14, 1963.)

Unraveling the controversy over genetic engineering.

THUMBPRINTS IN OUR CLAY

BY HORACE FREELAND JUDSON

IN RECENT MONTHS, a number of prominent scientists and non-scientists—with a strong representation of religious leaders, presumably well founded in moral philosophy—have begun to call for discussion about the implications of applying the technology familiarly called genetic engineering to people. Genetic engineering is nothing more than a body of methods, intricate in detail but simple in principle, by which genes or groups of genes are taken from one cell and inserted into another, where they may link up with the genes already there and contribute to the biochemical processes of their host. Donor and host may be of widely different species—rabbit to mouse, say; alfalfa or pig to bacterium. The physical substance of the genes, a stretch of deoxyribonucleic acid, or DNA, is picked out, transferred, and integrated into the host—hence the more formal term for the technology, recombinant DNA. Biologists now realize that in nature genes often transfer between diverse species. The methods in the laboratory, as we have all been told, promise wonders: self-fertilizing crop plants, meatier, faster growing livestock, and new pharmaceutical agents, including diagnostic methods and treatments for cancer. The worries are provoked when scientists speculate about using these methods in the clinic—on human beings. Ethical concern sharpens when the speculation stretches to changing genes or adding them in human germ cells—ova or sperm. Some critics even assert we are in danger of tampering irrevocably with human evolution.

Science anxiety is easy to arouse, especially when some of the implications are ethical and much of the fearsome technology itself has not yet been discovered. Genetic engineering is an unprecedentedly powerful research tool. Its development is driven by intellectual and scientific necessity. Yet its uses directly with humans, now and foreseeably, are more limited than some critics acknowledge. To evaluate the technology requires accurate information and disciplined thought. Yet the fundamental considerations are not entirely new. They have to do, after all, with the perfectibility of man. Some of them were pondered, long and almost obsessively, by Arthur Koestler: his conclusions were troubled by contradictions, but they are illuminating even for that very reason. And they stand in instructive contrast to the hasty rhetoric and willful

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ignorance of science that marks the more egregious recent pronouncements.

For the quarter-century almost to his death this year, Koestler waged an unremitting guerrilla campaign—in articles, lectures, conferences, interviews, and in book after book after book—against what he called "the citadel of neo-Darwinian orthodoxy." Not scientifically trained, but vastly if indiscriminately well read in science, Koestler detested and did not want to concede the primary role of chance in evolution. Natural selection can operate only when heritable variations between creatures arise. The variations are mostly deleterious but beneficial once in a great while. The forces that cause variations—X-rays, ultraviolet radiation, many chemicals, certain viruses—strike among the DNA molecules that comprise a creature's genes, changing or rearranging them. They strike entirely at random, which is to say, without regard to the particular information encoded in those molecules. The genes, of course, determine the characters—the *heritable* characters—of the next generation of the organism. They do this by specifying the several thousand different kinds of protein molecules that the cells must make—for the genes are passive, while the proteins actively build the organism. But no biochemistry has been found, and in principle the machinery is unlikely to have evolved, by which the organism can translate a change in its characters back into its genes to change them correspondingly. Koestler thought this preposterous. He objected to chance as an essential part of the explanation of the diverse and wonderfully adaptive integration of organisms. He acknowledged, but was never reconciled to, the unlikelihood of Lamarckism—the inheritance of acquired characteristics, by which in some sense the organism might direct its own evolution. Arthur Koestler was representative of an old-fashioned, principled, quasi-theological discomfort with Darwinism. In particular, he yearned to find a more directive mechanism to explain human evolution.

Yet Koestler also grew pessimistic about man's destiny: human evolution had stopped, he came to think, with the Cro-Magnon, leaving us their descendants like a butterfly half-emerged from the chrysalis, not yet fit enough to survive in the social conditions our uniquely human brains generate. He was concerned with perfecting us, and in particular with taming our aggressiveness. In 1967, in *The Ghost in the Machine*, he wrote, "Since we cannot in the foreseeable future expect the necessary change in human nature to arise by way of a spontaneous mutation, that is, by natural means, we must induce it by artificial means. We can only hope to survive as a species by developing techniques which supplant biological evolution."

FOR THE PAST DECADE, popularizers have been spreading the belief that genetic engineering will soon enable us to intervene much as Koestler wished, to guide our evolution by ultra-Lamarckian means. In response, we now hear from philosophers, a few scientists, various publicists, and numbers of eminent churchmen across the spectrum of denominations that they are disturbed by the threat that the perfectibility of man might actually be realizable. From a distance, one easily imagines why. On closer examination, however, the public language of these responses often betrays ignorance and misinformation. Worse, they are unconsciously genuflecting to the twin modern idols—idols that Koestler, among others, did all he could to break—of scientism and vulgar reductionism.

IN THE SUMMER of 1980 the general secretaries of the National Council of Churches, the Synagogue Council of America, and the United States Catholic Conference wrote a letter to President Carter. The secretaries wanted genetic engineering of humans investigated, controlled, perhaps forbidden, and the ethical questions formally addressed. They pumped up their letter with "untold implications for human survival" and "a potential threat to all humanity." They warned that "the basic tools . . . are finally at hand. Those who would play God will be tempted as never before."

The letter was bucked to an advisory panel called the President's Commission for the Study of Ethical Problems in Medicine and Biomedical and Behavioral Research. This group was considering the question of access to medical care, the dilemmas of decisions to forgo life-sustaining treatment, and eight other problems. Human genetic engineering was outside their brief. Nonetheless, they took it on, and ten months ago published a booklet, *Splicing Life: The Social and Ethical Issues of Genetic Engineering with Human Beings*. The report sketched the present state of the technology. It looked into the imminent applications that relate to people—production of drugs, hormones, and vaccines, genetic counseling and the diagnosis of certain diseases, and the prospect, more distant yet highly probable, of curing some genetic defects like sickle-cell anemia and Tay-Sachs disease. The panelists observed that, in contrast, general human attributes "such as kindness or aggression are most certainly the result of a complex interaction of multigenic and environmental factors. . . . It is therefore highly unlikely that in the foreseeable future predictable changes in such attributes could be achieved through genetic alterations." They intended to reach through the science to the ethical and religious questions. Their conclusions were cautious and for the most part firmly and subtly argued. The commission found "no ground for concluding that any current or planned forms of genetic engineering . . . are intrinsically wrong or irreligious per se."

The commission completed its ten other inquiries and disbanded in March, with the report on human genetic engineering a relatively minor and, indeed, gratuitous offering. Yet the commission's executive director, Alexander Capron, now teaching law at Georgetown University, said in a recent conversation that the report's temperance itself became a target for individuals and groups who want the controversy to gain momentum.

Separately, toward the end of 1982, a study panel set up by the National Council of Churches completed a report on genetic engineering in humans, animals, and plants.

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Their concerns were similar to the Presidential commission's, their conclusions broader, their rhetoric barn-burning: "Words which once were the primary language of the church are now also the words of the current biological revolution. Life, Death, Creation, New life, New day, New earth are now the vocabularies of biological science, bio-technology and bio-business."

IN JUNE, at a press conference in New York, a group of divines larded with some scientists promulgated a resolution calling for prohibition of "efforts to engineer specific genetic traits into the germline of the human species." The list of those who had allowed their names to be attached to the resolution numbered fifty-seven clergymen, bishops, rabbis, and theologians, from Jerry Falwell of the Moral Majority all the way to Bishop A. James Armstrong, president of the National Council of Churches, and also the president of the United Church of Christ, the president of the Council of Bishops of the United Methodist Church, the presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church, the executive vice president of the Rabbinical Assembly, the chaplain of the United States Senate, and others including a total of twenty-five Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops. A startled press took notice, although journalists soon found that the resolution was written and the press conference organized by a publicist, Jeremy Rifkin, who was promoting his heavy-breathing new book about how genetic engineering is more dangerous than atomic warfare and should be banned root and clone. He had collected the names by mailing his resolution, together with what he labeled "the theological letter concerning the moral arguments," and a kit of press clippings, to every sufficiently eminent prospect, and following up any nibble with a telephone call. Impudence pays. Some of the higher clergy in the United States thirst for attention.

A more fastidious response came two months later. Early in August, some fifty theologians and scientists from the United States, Canada, and Europe met for a week at a big old hotel on Star Island, New Hampshire, to discuss genetic manipulation of humans. A consensus formed quickly that the banning resolution signed by church leaders had been an "unnecessary and misleading" bit of mischief, a promotion stunt, and its supporters naive. On Star Island, several of the scientists explained present and likely potential technology. One, Bernard Davis, of Harvard Medical School, said, "The dangers don't have to be anticipated far in advance. When you are dealing with something that could have massive catastrophic consequences, like unleashing an epidemic, then, indeed, you do have to try to look way ahead. But genetic engineering will be applied to individual human beings only. The consequences cannot be massive. One person at a time." Tristram Engelhardt, who is a physician and philosopher of medical ethics at Baylor University, canvassed science fiction for its wilder fantasies of genetic engineering of people, to show that even these would be subject to everyday ethical considerations that apply to any human contingency; and he said, "What is in order now are calm and careful reflections on the likely moral, prudential, and aesthetic consequences of genetic engineering."

The controversy, if it picks up, will be the third wave of public attention to the imagined consequences of recombinant DNA. The first wave, in the mid-1970s, began when biologists inventing the earliest of the methods panicked at the suggestion that microorganisms into which they had learned to insert alien genes might, if they escaped the laboratory, pose risks to health. It led to noisy meetings in Cambridge, Massachusetts, when the mayor, scenting a populist issue, objected to plans at Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to build secure laboratories; the mayor wanted the work prohibited altogether. Similar protests, more sedate, were heard in Ann Arbor, Princeton, and elsewhere. The episode culminated in guidelines for safety procedures, which were drawn up by the scientists, imposed on federally financed research by the National Institutes of Health, voluntarily followed by industry (which, after all, risked lawsuits if imprudent), and copied more or less by some foreign countries. Since then biologists have learned that they exaggerated the dangers; the guidelines have been progressively eased.

The second wave still rolls. It began in the late seventies, when those who were inventing ever more sophisticated ways to move genes around realized that their methods, exploited commercially, might make them fabulously rich, rich like solid-state physicists with silicon chips. Venture capital has intoxicated the laboratories, the promise of cures and profits has lifted genetic engineering onto the covers of news magazines, *Nature* each week displays an index of the stock-market performance of high-biotech companies—and *The Economist*, with its admirable cold eye, regularly reports on the financial stringencies, even the collapse, of such enterprises that have brought their shares but no products to market.

LAY OPINIONS about genetic engineering have oscillated wildly in the past thirteen years, but two fundamental misunderstandings have persisted. The first is about why genetic engineering was developed. The second is about its powers and limits.

By 1970, the founders of molecular biology had erected a coherent and aesthetically pleasing outline of the genetically controlled processes of the cell. They had worked for the most part with single-celled organisms—chiefly bacteria, and the viruses that prey upon them. These offer speed (a new generation every half hour) and simplicity (far fewer genes and substances specified by genes than in higher organisms). They had learned to mate bacteria, and even to interrupt the mating—by spinning the bacterial culture in a Waring blender—so that they could move precisely chosen snippets of genetic material from cells of one strain into cells of another. Alternatively, they used viruses to pick up DNA from one cell and insert it into others. By inspecting the progeny, they found out what the transferred genes do and how. Thus they learned the essentials. They determined how cells duplicate DNA to

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pass to their next generation. They deciphered the code and tweezed apart the wheels and cogs by which, in each present generation, the instructions on the genes read out to specify the construction of the thousands of kinds of protein molecules that are the active components, the machine tools, of the cell. They elucidated how individual genes are turned on and off, and how the proteins they specify interact to regulate the growth and other biochemical activity of the cell. They detected some of the ways that mutations take place. An immense amount of detail remained to be filled in, but they were confident that the rest of bacterial molecular biology would yield to intelligent drudgery, with no surprises. In this they were correct.

The next task was to extrapolate the classical molecular biology of single-celled creatures to higher organisms. The founders were confident—cockily so—that this, too, would yield quickly. Here they were mistaken.

FOR A CENTURY or more, the intractable problem at the center of biology had been embryology, or development and differentiation: how the fertilized ovum, a single cell, becomes the adult creature with thousands or millions or billions of cells of a score of different specialized types—heart, liver, marrow, muscle, gland, and brain—all in place and interacting. To take a celebrated example, Thomas Hunt Morgan began as an embryologist. The subject would not yield. The rediscovery in 1900 of Mendel's laws of heredity made the problems of genetics look accessible, and Morgan soon turned to these. By the 1950s genetics had become molecular genetics; by 1968 or 1970 Morgan's successors had turned the corner as in some nightmare and confronted, once more, the technical and conceptual Everest. To do classical molecular biology all over again for higher organisms is no less than to solve development and differentiation. In the laboratories, the younger generation of molecular biologists were desperate for tools and toeholds.

Scientists are far more conservative than people who see only the results can easily credit. Neither in theoretical speculation nor in experimental technique do they often sail beyond sight of shore. Desperate, molecular biologists by 1970 were turning to what had worked before, to see whether they could adapt to high organisms the familiar, successful methods of genetic analysis in single-celled creatures. Thus they taught themselves to grow animal cells not as coherent tissues but as cultures of independent cells, like bacteria. They tried using the viruses that infect animal cells to bring out and transport bits of genetic material, the way bacterial viruses do with bacteria. They learned to their delight that they could keep right on using bacteria, putting segments of DNA from higher organisms into them. They discovered that cells have self-protective mechanisms that disable alien DNA, as when a virus invades. These include protein molecules called restriction enzymes (because they restrict the range of hosts in which a virus can survive) that act like submicroscopic wire cutters to snip DNA in precisely specified locations. They found that cells have other self-protective enzymes with which they repair their own DNA when it breaks.

Always the aim was to find ways to move small, identified segments of genetic material from one cell to another, and then to see what difference the inserted genes made. Often, for analytical convenience, the move was from a species that was poorly understood into a different species, typically bacterial, that was well known. Yet rather suddenly—by the end of 1973—molecular biologists realized that they had assembled a remarkable tool kit. The crucial fact that popular mythology ignores is that the technology of recombinant DNA was invented and is today being elaborated not primarily to make money, not even, say, to cure disease, but to open up a profound and heretofore intractable problem in pure science.

The techniques of recombinant DNA were invented so that we can learn what genes actually do in higher organisms. This turns out to be full of surprises. For example, the genome—meaning the entire gene set—of a cat or a hawk or a child is unexpectedly fluid. Genes jump from place to place, even from chromosome to chromosome, and the same gene will have different effects depending on its location. Genes interact with each other, affecting characters all across the field of development, more intensely than was ever surmised. And since all the cells in the earliest stages of an embryo have exactly the same gene set, the essence of how cells grow different from other cells necessarily lies with the switches and rate controls on the expression of genes. Similarly, cancer and aging surely relate to misfunction or breakdown of the regulatory controls. But these remain baffling.

JUST HERE, molecular genetics today converges with the other fundamental problem in biology, namely, the theory of evolution. The fact of evolution, of course, is not in question; but we do not fully understand the mechanisms. In contention are the nature and types of mutations in the genomes of higher organisms, the size and comprehensiveness of the mutational jumps upon which natural selection operates, the rates of evolutionary change, and the exact processes by which distinct species emerge. Most of these issues can be put in a single question: Does evolution develop new varieties and species by the gradual accumulation, over many generations, of small changes, or by the relatively rapid appearance, in a few generations, of larger changes and more comprehensive reorganizations of the characters of the organism? Many of the evolutionary answers are hidden within the problem of development and differentiation. In particular, biologists hope to find them in those regulatory controls that determine the sequence in which, during embryonic and infant development, genes are turned on and off, as well as the rate of their expression.

The problems for which the techniques of genetic engineering are indispensable are the most interesting in biology, perhaps in all of science. This technology is popularly presented as irresistible for its practical benefits. Far more significantly, it is irresistible for fundamental science.

Moral and political philosophers who take the trouble to

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understand what this science is finding ought to be reassured: its applicability to man is necessarily limited. Genes initiate. Genes determine heritable characters. But the way they do so turns out often to be intricate and indirect. Genes do not operate singly. Any higher organism, any mammal, any human, is the product of stupefyingly complex interactions. In the first place, to be sure, genes interact with genes, and gene products with genes and with each other; but from the earliest stages of differentiation the interactions integrate. The individual grows according to patterns of developmental potential that are evoked by and respond to environmental traumas, substances, absences, changes, opportunities. In this field of interplay the genome is present, but beyond the horizon. The founding generation of molecular biologists were triumphant reductionists. Their successors are more cautious and more sophisticated. They feel the force of an observation by Peter Medawar, himself both biologist and philosopher of science: "We are mistaking the direction of the flow of thought when we speak of 'analysing' or 'reducing' a biological phenomenon to physics and chemistry. What we endeavor to do is the very opposite: to assemble, integrate, or piece together our conception of the phenomenon from our particular knowledge of its constituent parts. It . . . is the belief of almost every reputable modern biologist, that this act of integration is in fact possible."

FOR DECADES, educated, liberal faith has maintained that variations in basic human characteristics—the index case is intelligence and the reasons why it appears to vary among the races—are not reducible simply to heredity. After all, among mammals, among primates, most comprehensively among humans, the potentiating environment includes powerful social forces. Now, by using the methods of recombinant DNA, molecular biologists are putting a stronger foundation beneath that faith. Yet simultaneously, as we noted, the suggestion that those methods might be used on humans has led some, including eminent churchmen, to panic. Are they showing us that through the years, even as they were arguing against genetic determinism because of its social consequences, in their hearts they were reductionist as any redneck?

The warm glow of cynicism aside, the impulse to reduce human characteristics to heredity smuggles in illicit support from the peculiar methodology of genetic research. This traffic is not widely recognized. The way we have identified and located genes makes it spuriously plausible to think of single genes determining single characters. We speak of "a gene for brown hair." We imagine that it should be possible to locate that gene at a particular place on a particular chromosome in a human cell. Yet this has not been done, and even for this textbook instance the situation is more complicated. The fact is that almost always we have not been able to know the effects of single genes—and have not been able to map them—by their presence. We have known them by their absence.

The deletion or disability of a gene can leave the organism with an absent or defective protein and so an observable lack of some normal character. For example, sickle-cell anemia is caused by a point mutation—that is, a single molecular change in the string of DNA—in a gene that directs synthesis of the protein molecule that is human hemoglobin. Dozens of other specific hemoglobin deficiencies have been mapped to point mutations elsewhere in the DNA of the genes specifying hemoglobin. Again, albinism results from a single-gene defect that deprives the individual of a protein, an enzyme, responsible for one step in the metabolic pathway that synthesizes skin pigment. Albinism was one of the first diseases identified as an inborn error of metabolism. By recent count, more than two thousand human disorders trace to single-gene mutations. Not many of these are common, but they include Tay-Sachs disease and phenylketonuria, a brain-damaging metabolic block for which maternity hospitals test every newborn.

THE FIRST genetic map, drawn up for the fruit fly drosophila by A. H. Sturtevant in T. H. Morgan's lab in 1913, showed the relative locations of six mutations—six genetic defects. The latest catalogue of human genes lists more than thirty-five hundred, of which some eighteen hundred are known to be at separate locations in the genome. By the end of the seventh international workshop on human gene mapping, which took place a month ago in Los Angeles, more than eight hundred had been assigned to specific chromosomes. For example, a gene called *fhc*, for familial hypercholesterolemia, or hereditary overproduction of cholesterol, is frequently a background to premature coronary-artery disease; *fhc* is on chromosome 19. The genetic map still is largely a map of defects. Only recently, using methods of recombinant DNA, have the mappers begun to spot the locations of normal genes.

Single-gene defects are the obvious candidates for human genetic engineering. But even this therapy is not yet possible. The procedure: fish the normal gene out of a normal cell, insert it in cells—animal or bacterial—in culture to brew up a supply, put the genes into a virus or some other vector that will carry them into the cells of the patient. Unsolved problems are many and tough. One must be sure the genes reach exactly the cells where they are needed—liver, thyroid, and so on. Thus, sickle-cell anemia and other hemoglobin deficiencies are early possibilities for gene therapy because spoonfuls of the patient's own bone-marrow cells might be scooped out, normal genes inserted outside the body, and the marrow tucked back. One must also be sure that the new genes do not splice into the cells' DNA at a location where their effects are harmful—and this is still a considerable obstacle. One must be sure that the new genes are actually expressed in the cells—and this requires knowing far more than we yet do about regulatory mechanisms. Nonetheless, surely nobody objects to curing such disorders in the individual.

Could single-gene defects be cured in the germ cells as well, so that individuals would no longer pass them on? Here all the previous problems are magnified manyfold,

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and new ones appear. Biologists have considered inserting the corrective gene into a single ovum fertilized outside the body, then implanting that in the mother's womb. But the risks are prohibitive. Bernard Davis, at the Star Island conference, said simply, "This is not something any responsible medical investigator would do with humans." Genes put into a cell integrate into the DNA at random, unpredictable locations, and may damage some other gene already there. Davis went on, "Already, in such a trial with laboratory animals, a mouse has been created that has an entirely new hereditary disease." Those at the conference, drafting a final report, emphasized that point and added:

> Moreover, a more predictable, less risky way of reaching the same preventive goal is provided by prenatal diagnosis (by amniocentesis), followed by abortion and a subsequent pregnancy. In addition, the usefulness of prenatal diagnosis is rapidly being extended, since it can now be accomplished earlier in pregnancy, and for an increasing variety of defects, by detecting differences in the DNA rather than in the products of cultured cells.

In contrast to the cure of a single-gene defect is the notion of somehow improving certain general qualities of persons who have no identifiable genetic flaw. Such enhancement—the term is Robert Heinlein's, in a recent science fiction novel whose eponymous heroine, Friday, is genetically engineered—is entertaining to imagine. Friday is very fast, very smart, very libidinous. Yet the qualities one would want to enhance are surprisingly hard to specify. The human animal is already well adapted to its ecological niche. We are large and strong as animals go; we are as omnivorous as anyone; we are long-lived; our eyes approach the extreme limit of sensitivity, responding to a photon or two of incoming light; we are already resistant to disease, genetically, with an astonishing immune system which we need only to prime with appropriate antigens—that is, vaccines, which will be genetically engineered, of course.

EVEN TO NAME the qualities to be enhanced reduces us to vagueness—and for a fundamental reason, for these qualities are not determined by single genes. Longevity is interesting. But how do we say what genes are required? The suggestion has been made that someday we might put into our cells extra copies of the gene for the enzyme that repairs DNA, so that insofar as aging is due to the accumulation of breaks in DNA we might age more slowly. In other words, occasionally we might stumble on a single gene with widespread beneficial effects—but that necessarily will be rare.

Intelligence, once more, is the quality we would most like to improve; aggressiveness might be the one quality we, with Koestler, would like to bring under more direct control. Intelligence is as elusive, genetically, as a ping-pong ball balanced on the focus of a hundred tiny jets of air: some of these are genes and some are environmental influences, and to change any without being able with extreme precision to adjust all will wreck the system. Aggressiveness is even harder to analyze—and would we want to risk blunting our will for self-defense, putting our enhanced individuals at the mercy of every bullying individual or nation? Behavioral traits—and these two perhaps beyond all others—are caused by many genetic factors and interact most intricately with the evocative social and cultural environment.

Beyond that, critics have ignored some insuperable practical problems. For example, people take a dozen years to reach reproductive maturity, twenty years to reach full strength of body and mind. Those are long times in political, technological, and scientific affairs. Our bodies are out of step with this technology: that's why geneticists use bacteria and fruit flies. Furthermore, the logistical problems of applying genetic engineering to large populations are obviously stultifying. Even now, we are unable to get potent measles vaccine to villages in the Andes or Bangladesh because adequate refrigeration is not available all along the delivery line. We can't even distribute birth control devices rapidly enough to contain the most dangerous social problem in the world's history—and that technology, once available, is self-administered.

TWO ATTEMPTS at gene therapy for single-gene defects have already been made. The first took place in 1971, in Cologne, where two girls, sisters born to a large family in an intensely inbred rural village, were referred to specialists because they were deeply retarded and partially paralyzed. They turned out to have a previously unreported inborn metabolic block, lacking an enzyme that carries out a single step in one of the most central biochemical pathways. An American researcher and the girls' German pediatrician tried infecting the girls with a virus that, they suspected, carried a gene for an equivalent enzyme. The second attempt took place in 1980, when a molecular biologist at the University of California in Los Angeles, working with patients in Israel and Italy who suffered from a hemoglobin defect, tried gene replacement with their bone marrow. In neither of these instances was any of the patients apparently helped or harmed. The scientific and medical communities, though, judged the attempts to be crude and premature: the ones hurt were the American scientists, for their careers were sharply set back. Nonetheless, undoubtedly within a few years, gene therapy will begin to be performed for disorders caused by single-gene defects. Yet we cannot overstate the distinction between that and general physiological and mental enhancement through genetic changes: the difference lies not merely in the vastly greater technical difficulty, but in the fundamental conceptual problem. If such enhancements are ever possible, surely they are decades away. A friend who is a molecular biologist said to me recently that by that time, people may be more used to the application of genetic engineering. The boundary may be crossed psychologically before it is crossed technologically. What makes us uneasy they may welcome. We have no reason to foreclose their choices.

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How Reagan's N.L.R.B. is subverting industrial democracy.

THE NEW ANTI-UNION CRUSADE

BY PENN KEMBLE

THERE'S A NEW team at the National Labor Relations Board—one that appears to be doing its best to undermine the traditions of industrial democracy that Americans honor on Labor Day.

The N.L.R.B. was established in the New Deal era to guarantee workers the right to choose whether they wish to be represented by a union, and, if so, which union. It was also supposed to guarantee that collective bargaining is conducted in a civil, orderly manner. James A. Emery, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, denounced the National Labor Relations Act at the time as "invalid in law and unsound in policy." Earl F. Reed, chairman of the lawyers committee of the Liberty League, declared, "I feel perfectly free to advise a client not to be bound by a law that I consider unconstitutional." But such intransigence on the corporate right soon gave way to a social and economic consensus that helped produce nearly a half-century of relative social peace and prosperity. Now that consensus seems to be breaking down.

In recent months the ideological descendants of Emery and Reed have taken control of the National Labor Relations Board itself. Donald L. Dotson, appointed chairman of the N.L.R.B. in March, is the sort of corporate official who believes that "collective bargaining frequently means labor monopoly, the destruction of individual freedom and the destruction of the marketplace." Hugh Reilly, whom Dotson has appointed to the post of N.L.R.B. solicitor, is a former staff attorney for the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, an organization which, in the guise of protecting the rights of individual employees, actually works to undermine our modest and limited tradition of industrial democracy.

Those who imagine that coercive anti-union activities are a thing of the past might reflect on a simple number: according to the N.L.R.B.'s statistics for 1981, the most recent year for which data are available, almost six thousand workers were reinstated to their jobs after having been fired for union activity. The actual number of those who are fired or risk being fired must be considerably higher if so many petition for reinstatement and win. Plainly there is still class conflict in America, conflict that could readily grow nasty and destructive and that will not easily dissolve with the advent of new technologies, flexible team production, employee stock options, or other such transformations of the industrial order that are often said to be just around the corner.

Traditionally, Americans have sought to manage and contain class conflict through democratic processes and labor law, not to eliminate it through the application of utopian theories. Marxian socialism—the purported revolutionary abolition of class conflict—has never made much headway in this country. But we often overlook the equally radical utopianism of some on the extreme right.

This reemerged in the mid-'70s when, under the auspices of the National Association of Manufacturers, something called the Committee for a Union-Free Environment was created. The portentous name was soon dropped, but the appointments of Dotson and Reilly to the N.L.R.B. prove that the spirit lives on.

The N.L.R.B. chairman and the others on the five-member board have traditionally been reasonably impartial figures. (Frances Perkins wrote that even "from President Roosevelt's point of view, it [the N.L.R.B.] was wholly unpredictable.") Donald Dotson seems to be a departure from that tradition of independence. His views on unions and the N.L.R.B. were succinctly put in a couple of published law review letters. In one he expressed the opinion that "unionized labor relations, shortsighted demands, greed, and debilitating work rules have been the major contributions to the decline and failure of once healthy industries." In the other he not only attacked collective bargaining as "the destruction of individual freedom," but also laid the blame at the door of the agency he soon would lead: "The way has been paved by the National Labor Relations Board through its selective enforcement and perversion of the labor statutes and its tendency to act as a legal aid society and organizing arm for unions." This charge of partisanship, by the way, is refuted by the N.L.R.B.'s record in the federal courts, which have upheld it in some 80 percent of cases that have gone to appeal.

Dotson has lost no time in showing that he means to transform the agency in fundamental ways. On May 4 he unveiled a major reorganization of the board's operations, transferring considerable enforcement authority from its quasi-independent general counsel to a newly appointed solicitor, Hugh Reilly. Members of Congress and officials of the agency itself have questioned the legality of this move. But its greater significance is political.

Penn Kemble, a vice chairman of Social Democrats, U.S.A., heads the Foundation for a Democratic Education.

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Reilly worked at the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation for eight years before joining the Reagan Administration. This right-wing foundation, like many organizations on the left, wraps itself in the mantle of civil liberties: the defense of the rights of the individual worker. But Reilly himself has conceded that its driving purposes are anti-union. At a congressional hearing on June 29, Representative Barney Frank of Massachusetts asked Reilly whether any worker had ever come to the foundation with a case against an employer. Reilly admitted that, to his knowledge, none had. He added that if such an individual had come forward, he—as a foundation employee—would "probably not" have accepted the case.

Reilly sees no contradiction between his past role as an anti-union crusader and his new role in the N.L.R.B. From 1981 until his appointment to the N.L.R.B.—a period of eighteen months—Reilly served under Dotson at the Department of Labor. During this entire period, according to *Newsday*, Reilly had been "moonlighting as unpaid chief counsel in a major anti-union lawsuit that was filed and financed by the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation." Reilly acknowledged this "moonlighting" during congressional hearings. He also explained that his job at the Labor Department's Division of Compliance and Enforcement involved overseeing union elections and carrying out financial audits of unions. At the same time, Reilly conceded, in his other life he was filing court papers in his right-to-work suit which demanded testimony from union officials.

Reilly and his associates evidently see no ethical problem in bending the labor protection agencies of the federal government to the purposes of the right-to-work movement. Yet the N.L.R.B. is not the usual regulatory agency, it may be the only one whose responsibilities involve the regulation of the vital affairs—union representation elections—of a voluntary citizens' movement. As Don Slaiman of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. explains, putting right-to-workers in charge of the N.L.R.B. is different from putting anti-environmentalists in charge of the Environmental Protection Agency. It's more like giving anti-environmentalists control over the internal affairs of the Sierra Club.

Dotson and Reilly need not transform the N.L.R.B. entirely in order to alter the basic character of our labor-management relations. It is enough just to clog and tangle the agency's already exasperating processes. The chief weapon of anti-union employers is delay—delay won through dogged legal and procedural maneuvers. A union organizing campaign usually demands courage from the workers involved, and causes them a good deal of fear and anxiety. It is hard to sustain the emotional pitch of such a campaign when it stretches to months or, as is now common, even years.

The uses of delay are well appreciated by anti-union managers. As an article a few years ago in *Barron's* explained:

> If the employer challenges the [union] election, it is generally postponed for an average of two-and-a-half months for hearings, and for an average of ten months if the employer's case is heard by the board itself. And the longer the delay, the more organizing momentum is lost, and the weaker the union's showing invariably proves. . . . Moreover, if a worker involved in the organizing drive or with union sympathies is fired and successfully challenges his dismissal as an unfair labor practice, it is likely to take about two years before the courts finally order his reinstatement with back pay, even if his complaint is upheld by the N.L.R.B.

Conservative proponents of federal regulatory reform are fond of Gladstone's dictum that "justice delayed is justice denied." But their voices are quiet when trade unionists are the victims. This was apparent in 1978, when the Labor Law Reform Bill, labor's major legislative initiative under the Carter Administration, was killed in the Senate by a conservative filibuster. In its final form, that bill was not much more than a simple proposal for improving the efficiency of the N.L.R.B. The intensity of the opposition it aroused revealed that an old-fashioned union-busting temper has been regaining strength for some time in the business world.

A recent survey of N.L.R.B. operations by the House Subcommittee on Labor-Management Relations shows that since the end of 1980 the backlog of undecided unfair labor practice cases before the N.L.R.B. has grown to unprecedented levels. In 1980 the board acted on 1,181 so-called "contested" cases. At its present rate, it is unlikely to finish half that number by the end of 1983.

THERE ARE OTHER ways in which N.L.R.B. processes can be exploited to deny workers' rights. The board decides the size and composition of a union "bargaining unit"—the group of workers that will participate in a representation election. An anti-union board can permit that unit to be gerrymandered to benefit the employer. For example, if assembly-line workers seem inclined toward a union, a group of unsympathetic administrative workers can be put into the bargaining unit to help vote it down.

Employers sometimes encourage and even finance the efforts of small groups of employees to petition for N.L.R.B. elections to "decertify" a union, even where the only effect of such efforts is to harass the union. (One of the more energetic of these was the "J. P. Stevens Employees Educational Committee.") Employers have also turned to their lawyers and accountants, and the techniques of "paper entrepreneurship." Strategies for eliminating unions now in vogue include bankruptcy reorganizations or the contrived sales of corporations, in which nothing is lost in the shuffle except the union contract. (This is the apparent purpose behind the recent sale of the unionized meat-packing plants of the Armour Company.) Production facilities can be moved overseas or to anti-union communities in the United States. Then there is "double-breasting," a construction industry practice in which a single management operates legally as two different companies, working union only when that presents bidding opportunities. But the most effective new anti-

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union resource is the specialized breed of consulting firm which can be called in to weaken an existing union or to block an organizing campaign.

Charles McDonald, staff coordinator of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Committee on Organizing and the Law, says that management now brings in outside consultants to manage the opposition in about 75 percent of all union organizing campaigns. These firms may not always advise their clients to violate the letter of the law—although congressional hearings have produced testimony that many do, given the remarkably lenient penalties invoked when violations can be proved. But the activities of anti-union consultants frequently violate the spirit that the law is intended to establish.

THE ESSENCE of our labor law is its stress on democratic principles, processes, and institutions. As the early leaders of the A.F.L. argued, collective bargaining can be a profoundly democratic alternative to the often paternalistic—and therefore unreliable—protections of the modern state. Yet libertarians or anti-statist conservatives have not raised their voices in the defense of this "mediating institution." Neither have the neoconservatives, although in many respects today's anti-union consultants resemble the new leftists who attacked labor during the 1960s and 1970s—an experience which helped give neoconservativism its cachet. Like the new leftists, the new union busters are mostly educated, affluent activists who seek to impose an ideologized vision on traditional social arrangements—in this case, those of the workplace.

The new anti-union ideologues tell workers that unions—"outside representation"—destroy the communal spirit of the workplace. One union consultant advises that workers whose "personality profiles" hint that they might be receptive to unionism should not be hired. Those already on the job can be quietly discharged or sent to work in isolation from other employees. N.L.R.B. complaints against Boston's St. Elizabeth's Hospital charged that supervisors were pressured to spread exaggerated rumors of union violence, and to report the attitudes of fellow employees secretly to management.

The appointment of anti-union officials to federal labor agencies could tempt more companies to turn toward union-busting strategies. Corporate managers might do well to consider the long-term economic and social consequences.

American industry is attempting to retool for a new phase of productivity growth and international competition. During the immediate past, despite high unemployment and lagging real incomes, workers and unions have been relatively patient while business leadership, for better or worse, has groped for solutions to its problems. But it may not be prudent to confuse that patience with passivity.

Alan Kistler, the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s organizing director, recently reported to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Executive Council that union organizing efforts are now likely to grow, and be more successful. Until recently, he says, many workers were "afraid to do anything that they thought might jeopardize their jobs, but now the trend is turning, and workers are seeing the value of unions even in adverse conditions."

And if the economy should continue its rebound, the prospect of significant union revival is all the more likely. Unions have always prospered in periods of recovery. It is also possible that, at last, demographics are on labor's side. The children of the baby boom are now settling down to work, and may soon learn that there is more to job security and employee rights than what the boss promises.

Nor is it certain that structural changes in our economy will undermine the basis of trade unionism. Industrial sociologists of the 1920s confidently predicted that mass production workers would never join unions. They were wrong. When C. Wright Mills declared that white-collar workers were too status-ridden for unions, public employee unions promptly began their membership surge. Now it is said that private service and technical workers are unorganizable. One never knows—but the union-free environment people are certainly not taking chances.

IF THEY SUCCEED, one effect can be a weakening of the responsible, democratic leadership of American labor. In a recent speech President John Sweeney of the Service Employees International Union charged that the subversion of the N.L.R.B. "will lead to the collapse of collective bargaining and the downfall of legitimate unions." This vacuum, Sweeney warned, "will be filled either by mob unions and mob union leaders, who laugh at the N.L.R.B. and solve their representation and bargaining problems by leg-breaking or collusion, or by left-wing radicals, who attempt to solve the same problems through widespread strikes and worker violence."

Sweeney's fear is confirmed by other union leaders. Machinists' President William Winpisinger told National Public Radio that if the N.L.R.B. now "just disappeared, and we went back to the law of the jungle, I think we'd do better." And at a press conference on May 24 Lane Kirkland declared, "For the first time, appointments to the N.L.R.B. have been of a character that represents the perversion of the board into an instrument of anti-union employers. And I think that serves notice that all the old rules are off."

It is not surprising that labor leaders are tempted to think that there may be nothing left to do but break some crockery. They are responding to an element in the business world that still believes that collective bargaining is akin to Leninist collectivism, and that employers should be free to buy and sell labor as if it were any other commodity. These anti-union ideologues do not, as Michael Novak has gently pointed out, acknowledge that the corporation itself embodies a profoundly collectivist idea—the "solidarity" of capital. Nor do they appreciate how democratic, how distinctively American, and how abhorrent to the totalitarian left our own labor tradition has been. Republicans, too, ought to ponder what is going on at the N.L.R.B. It's downright unpatriotic.

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That's a lot of miles for a young woman. But Debbie has an advantage. The cars she drives are on the programmed road simulator at the Gulf research facility at Harmarville, Penn.

"By recording desired driving conditions on a magnetic tape, we can reproduce the conditions as often as necessary."

They're all standard cars with their driving wheels resting on aluminum rollers. By programming the rollers, Debbie can take a pair of cars on a simulated trip across the Rockies, and keep two others perpetually shuttling through rush-hour traffic.

In her control room, Debbie keeps track of road speed, oil and water temperature, engine vacuum, and other vital functions.

At the end of 50,000 miles, the cars are removed to a laboratory, where engine parts are measured for wear, and the crankcase lubricant is analyzed to find out, for instance, if a new lube oil additive is performing up to Gulf standards.

To do her job right, Debbie has had to learn to work with complex recording instruments, interpreting oscilloscope traces to make sure that the instruments are hooked up right and the test is running according to plan.

Debbie loves cars, loves her work — and the information she gathers from her 300,000 miles a year is helping keep a lot of Gulf customers' cars running economically.

Debbie Treshok. One of 57,000 Gulf people, helping supply energy for tomorrow.

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Flash and Fraud

Fourteen to twenty-four, we are told repeatedly, is the age span of the bulk of the American filmgoing public. So what else is new? Worriers and sneerers alike quote this statistic as a proof of the film public's degeneration, but I can't remember a time when the median age was significantly older. The difference today is not in the age span but in its economic consequences. The costs of filmmaking have risen so scarily, even with allowances for inflation, that adventure is crimped; filmmakers now strive more sweatily than ever to please the majority.

Risky Business
(Warner Bros.)

The Star Chamber
(20th Century-Fox)

The striving goes further. Of the ten current top-grossing films at this moment, four not only aim at the median age group, that group is the subject: in *Staying Alive*, *Flashdance*, *WarGames*, and *Porky's II*. (I've somehow missed both Porkypix.) Now comes another, *Risky Business*, that may join them on the hit list and certainly was made for the same audience.

Fundamentally it's about a high school senior encountering a lot of hooker jokes. The plot concerns a fairly square boy who, because of various entanglements, uses his family's luxe home as a brothel while his parents are away. It starts as a gamy sitcom, with the same basic sit as Henry Winkler's recent *Night Shift*; then it pushes past comedy, past farce, to the ludicrous. Paul Brickman wrote the script that goes from the trite to the tedious. The boy, Tom Cruise, isn't very appealing. The obligatory hooker-with-a-heart-of-gold, Rebecca De Mornay, is. The direction by Brickman and the editing by Richard Chew are extremely hip.

Those last points are really the first points. The structural gaps, the catering to current attitudes, in the scripts of *Staying Alive* and *Flashdance* and now of *Risky Business*, are scarcely new in Hollywood. Commentators who deplore the decline in Hollywood scriptwriting, its dehumanization and social myopia and flattery of youth vogues, are being generous to the past, to the scripts of the old Hollywood films. What is so mature and humanist about the script of *An American in Paris*? What is so profoundly characterized and socially honest about the Andy Hardy pictures? People of a certain age prefer the older pop films because they deal in older pop preferences, not because they are Parnassian. The motives for making the new pop films are exactly the same as for the older ones; the ingredients have been altered to fit the times, that's all. Which is not my definition of corruption.

That alteration has to do with the importance of images. Character and story are scanted slightly—not otherwise adulterated—in the new films because the director and cinematographer and editor now contribute almost equally with the star, and the audience wants that shifted emphasis, consciously or not. Jennifer Beals (or whoever dances for her) in *Flashdance* and John Travolta in *Staying Alive* are really co-stars with the cinematic glitz around them. Would any director, however virtuosic, have dreamed of making a Gene Kelly musical or a Hardy Family picture as these two new pictures are made? In cinematic terms, *Flashdance* and *Risky Business* are to *An American in Paris* and a Hardy picture as a dormitory pigout is to a family dinner.

A different generation is now being pleased, a generation that, besides being stuffed with film images like the parents, has also been stuffed from infancy with a thick, rich diet of TV images. The thickest and richest are, obviously, in commercials. Some twenty years ago Stanley Kubrick said that he couldn't afford to make films at the prevailing budget level of TV commercials—about $100,000 a minute. I'm sure that the budget level has risen, but now films *must* be made with the TV-commercial density of image if they want to hold the attention of young people whose visual expectations, in terms of constant surprise, are high. (One of the appeals of space films, I think, is that they are completely free of obligations to experience, can propagate images as they choose.)

And now there's MTV: music television which, as I've sampled it, pours along hour after hour with the TV-commercial and new-musical flood of images.

Inarguably, the median age group is looking at films with eyes much differently conditioned from those of older people, especially those considerably older. To me, this doesn't arbitrarily equal corruption. In any art, no one is more jealous of the purity of pop than the intellectual, and what that usually means is the wish to keep pop the way it was when he/she was younger. Twenty years from now, there will be people of forty mourning those lost humanistic days of *Flashdance*. For myself, I'm more concerned about the money crunch that increasingly impedes the making of serious, personal film.

Anyway, what's much worse than teenage pop, however "dehumanized,"

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Zelig. Another unfinished symphony from Woody Allen. But what there is—of this story of a metamorphosing man—is dazzlingly and pointedly done.

SK

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is the poisonously fake serious film. Better fifty years of *Flashdance* than a cycle of *The Star Chamber*. This script by Roderick Taylor and Peter Hyams (who directed) addresses what it considers a flaw in the judicial process, and befouls the subject.

The title, never explained in the film, refers to an ancient English council that became a criminal court under the Tudors with power to override other bodies and that was abolished in 1641 because of its abuses. (The very first line of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it.") The theme is the present-day exclusionary rule which says that unlawfully obtained evidence cannot be used in a trial. Even the patent guilt of the accused does not matter if the evidence that proves the guilt is illegally obtained. The script depicts two painful cases of this kind in the court of a California judge. This judge is then elevated to a nine-ember Superior Court and finds that his colleagues are a self-appointed Star Chamber, secretly engaged in rectifying injustices caused by the exclusionary rule.

NOT ONE WORD is spoken in the whole film as to why the exclusionary rule was brought into existence, what rights it protects, how it sustains the principles of law and the idea of presumed innocence. The film's entire burden is on those cases, which certainly exist, where technicalities set the guilty free. But to concentrate on those cases—without one word of balance from high court judges!—is like dramatizing an argument against the entire practice of medicine by showing doctors' mistakes. The gullible can leave this film convinced that legal process is a horrible farce, in theory as well as practice, that the test of good judges and lawyers is their degree of disgust with the law. Just having finished sixteen days of jury service, I'm not feeling particularly rosy about the infuriating fiddle of courtroom procedure. But the faults in that procedure are hardly an argument for its abolition. This film is a cheap, vicious, pseudo-populist distortion. Since it's presumably precise in its language and its data, the script must have been vetted by lawyers. Whoever they are, they ought to—but won't—be ashamed.

Imagine: a film that holds up for our admiration nine high-court judges who

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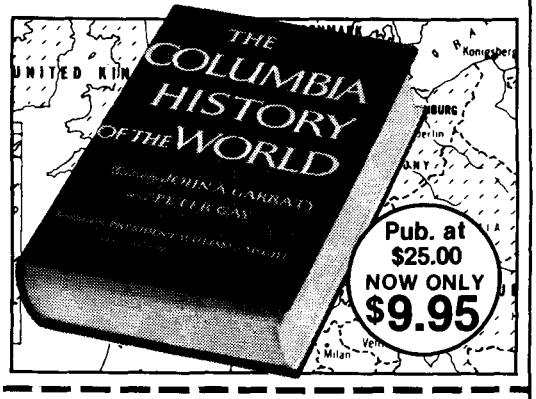

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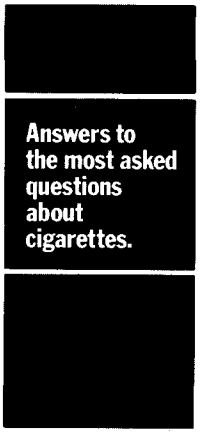

WEIGH BOTH SIDES BEFORE YOU TAKE SIDES.

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engage in lynch law; and which waffles at the end by having one of them tape their "star chamber" meeting for a detective. This last moment is like the righteous ending of a 1930s gangster picture after ninety-nine minutes of idealized machine-gunning.

Michael Douglas has the leading high-court role, with less than the weight of a traffic-court magistrate. Yates has made such name as he has with car chases, beginning with *Bullitt*; here he even manages to stage a chase in a multilevel parking garage. He does it well, and probably ought to stick to films composed entirely of chases.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Musicalized Propaganda

In my profession, nothing is more alienating than going to a smash hit, where everyone seems to be having a good time, and not being able to share it. Contrary to opinion, it's no fun for a reviewer to be in disagreement with the audience. It's about as satisfying, in fact, as entering a foreign country without a passport. There you are, morose and crestfallen, surrounded by hordes of natives who not only understand the language but greet it with roars of laughter, screams of approval, and standing ovations. One of the virtues of Frank Rich of *The New York Times* is that he has the courage to violate the common consensus from time to time, and I'm grateful to him for making me feel less lonely in the case of *La Cage aux Folles* (Palace Theater).

La Cage aux Folles
text by Harvey Fierstein
music by Jerry Herman

I don't resent the pleasure this new musical is giving to large audiences, but I continue to be bothered by how easily these audiences are manipulated by cheap and transparent tricks. Harvey Fierstein's book, based on a long-running French farce, is designed to gain acceptance from mainstream middle-class heterosexuals for flamboyant homosexual lovers, which suggests it is also meant to function as musicalized propaganda for the gay liberation movement. But, as a few critics have observed, there is virtually nothing in Mr. Fierstein's representation of homosexual marriage to distinguish it from conventional family life, except for the fact that the spouse who applies mascara, wears women's clothes, and puts on high heels is a male. Albin (Zaza) and Georges, the aging lovers of *La Cage aux Folles*—they also work as the M.C. and star of a gay nightclub in St. Tropez—do little more than hold hands, and look romantically into each other's eyes in front of a Magritte drop, while the major plot motif is supplied by Albin's desire to be treated as the true mother of Jean-Michel, the young man Georges (hoping to learn "what the fuss was all about") once sired on a real woman.

Albin's temporary exclusion from a meeting between Jean-Michel and the parents of the girl he wants to marry inspires an Act I curtain number called "I Am What I Am" ("Life's not worth a damn till you can say, World, I am what I am") which is already being hailed as the homosexual national anthem. But although few would wish to deny a gentle monogamous Albin his right to be accepted as his own "special creation," he hardly represents the large variety of homosexual life or typifies its more revolutionary sexuality. As in *Equus*, audiences are maneuvered into condemning those who reject the unorthodox behavior of the central character, without being fully informed of what that behavior implies or involves—which is pretty much the way George Meredith defined sentimentality.

I'm not suggesting that a Broadway musical should include songs about fellatio or anal intercourse or sex with boys or leather or "recreational" bathhouse promiscuity, but surely there is something more radical about the drag subculture than its love of transvestism or its capacity for bitchy humor; it is also often informed by a conscious political component which consists of a flagrant rejection of straight sexual and social conventions. *La Cage aux Folles* might have been a real breakthrough had it been more honest about the range of homosexual life-styles, rather than suggesting that these were merely differences of costume or manners. But what audiences are applauding in this musical is a central relationship indistinguishable from those in TV sitcoms, particularly *The Odd Couple* of which *La Cage aux Folles* is only an inverted version (with occasional thefts from *Charley's Aunt*). Virtually every Fierstein joke is a homosexual twist on conventional domestic one-liners (example: "First you start missing meals . . . and then separate bedrooms"), and there is even a black homosexual who doubles as a wisecracking maid. I'm taking bets that within a year after this musical closes, Albin and Georges will end up on a network series.

OF COURSE, every revolution in our society eventually ends up as an income-producing commodity, providing it can be packaged smartly, and this one has some canny merchandisers. A long introductory nightclub number by a chorus of drag queens ("*les cagelles*") gets the audience used to applauding the costumes, after they have already cheered a series of opening set changes. Theoni V. Aldredge's clothes feature the atrocious bad taste that distinguishes camp, and so does David Mitchell's garish nightclub decor with its chaser lights, illuminated staircases, rain curtains, treadmills, and pink spots (though Mitchell is certainly capable of creating quiet, tasteful environments, as he does with a lovely riverside setting against an Impressionist backdrop). These, along with the transvestite choreography, provide the glitter and flash of the evening and the visible signs of its $5 million investment, but the stage is so crammed with moving objects that I half expected to see Harpo Marx riding down one of the flats and going to work on the equipment with an axe. As for Jerry Herman's score, his music is tuneful, if bland, but his lyrics embody the same neutered quality as Fierstein's book—even "I Am What I Am" is designed to hit the charts as a heterosexual ballad on the order of "I Did It My Way."

The director and prime manipulator of this spectacle is Arthur Laurents, apparently still as optimistic about the warmth of the human heart and the redemptive qualities of love as he was as

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a playwright. In a recent interview, Laurents disputed "the mistaken notion that to be positive is to be inartistic, and that cynicism and a bleak view of life equal art," adding "I don't know why Beckett doesn't jump out of a window, given the way he sees the world." Although Laurents is hardly in a position to appreciate the complicated nature of Beckett's ambivalent world view, his remarks about the power of positive thinking are particularly maladroit in view of the fact that *La Cage aux Folles* bears so little relation to anything recognizably human or real, much less artistic. Its only convincing quality, in fact, is the overwhelming need of its characters (and creators) for approval. The villains of the piece are the parents of the bride—the father is a French Deputy from the party of Family, Tradition, and Morality—who are little more than homophobic stick figures, while most of the remaining characters are caricatures from the world of low camp.

By contrast, the two leads, Gene Barry (Georges) and George Hearn (Albin), are permitted to perform in a relatively subdued manner as a way of establishing their tender normality against a background of screeching queens and disapproving moralists. Barry carried himself with the stiffness of a clothing store mannequin, and his voice was raspy the night I saw him, but Hearn performs with an air of cool relaxed reality that accounts for the only authentic moments of the show. Looking in drag like a huge dowager or an operatic soprano, wobbling in his shoes when he is forced to wear male clothes, he introduces elements of genuine pathos and comedy, and when, after having been excluded from the meeting of the prospective in-laws, he bites his lip, pulls himself together, gestures the chorus off the stage, belts out his defiant credo, and marches through the audience in rage and disappointment, he provides a stirring, if spurious, first-act curtain. It was a shrewd move to cast heterosexual actors in these central roles, because it was a way to help the audience more readily accept the homosexual characters they play. But this is precisely the kind of evasion that makes *La Cage aux Folles* often seem so crudely manipulative, so dishonest and so crass.

I began this review by saying I felt alienated in the presence of this musical. I realize that this is nothing compared to the alienation experienced by most homosexuals in our society. Anything that reduces feelings of marginality and loneliness is by definition a positive accomplishment, and by that measure, I suppose, *La Cage aux Folles* is an effective piece of propaganda. Like most propaganda, however, it seriously misrepresents the cause it is advancing, and it is the homosexual community who will ultimately have to determine whether it is better served by "positive" and pretty evasions or by the unadorned and possibly "bleak" truth.

SINCERELY, M. PROUST

Selected Letters [1880-1903] by Marcel Proust
edited by Philip Kolb
translated by Ralph Manheim
introduction by J. M. Cocking

(Doubleday, 376 pp., $19.95)

In a letter to his mother, the thirty-one-year-old Marcel Proust attributes a certain urethral discomfort to the "oceans of beer" he has been drinking lately. The trivial detail appears at the end of a letter in which, besides quoting from a poem by Musset, he also mentions his insomnia, his asthma, the powders he takes, the enemas he has stopped taking, his pulse rate, the chill he caught that afternoon, his digestion, the irregular hours he has been keeping, the therapeutic decision to avoid all work. The question arises: what does the correspondence of a great writer reveal?

Proust's own feelings on the matter were ambivalent. He resented the biographical and anecdotal approach of a critic such as Sainte-Beuve. He was convinced that the artist's social being was of very limited interest, revealing at best only his superficial or even petty self; that only the creative self projected with immense labor into a lasting work of art was worth knowing. It alone was genuine and meaningful. The artistic figures who appear in his own novel—Vinteuil, Bergotte, Elstir—cannot be judged in terms of the impression they make on those who meet them. Only their work can tell what they truly were, can communicate the essence of their being.

When some of Proust's letters were first published in the late 1920s and in the 1930s, even fervent admirers were disappointed. The letters to Robert de Montesquiou and to Countess Anna de Noailles—effete, obsequious, and snobbish—are filled with affectation, ceremonious flattery, and hyperbole. They certainly did not enhance Proust's reputation. The perspective has changed radically since then, in large part thanks to the admirable efforts of Philip Kolb who, since 1970, has been publishing the complete correspondence arranged chronologically—a true feat, as Proust was in the habit of not dating his letters. Seventeen or eighteen volumes are projected, of which one-half have appeared so far. But even though the crucial years of the conception and creation of *A la Recherche du temps perdu* have not yet been reached, we have already enough to suggest that the interest of these letters transcends by far the trivialities of health reports and mundane gossip.

This first volume of *Selected Letters*, authoritatively edited by Philip Kolb himself, and translated by the seasoned translator Ralph Manheim, covers the years 1880-1903: the school years at the lycée Condorcet, the brief period of military service, studies at the university, the beginnings of a social life, the writing and publication of *Les Plaisirs et les Jours*, work on the aborted novel *Jean Santeuil*, the laborious translation of Ruskin's *Bible of Amiens*, for which he enlisted the help of his mother. (His own knowledge of English was virtually nonexistent.) Many of these early letters are of considerable interest. They tell us a great deal about the nature of his adolescent friendships, his intellectual and political concerns, his poetic sensibility; they reveal his precocious literary vocation, his latent gifts as a novelist; they provide insights into how quirks and anxieties were transmuted

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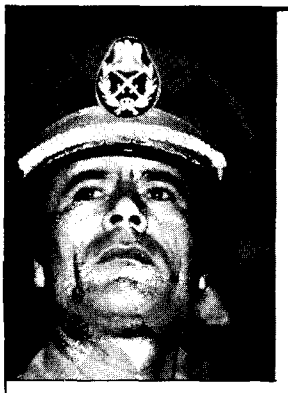

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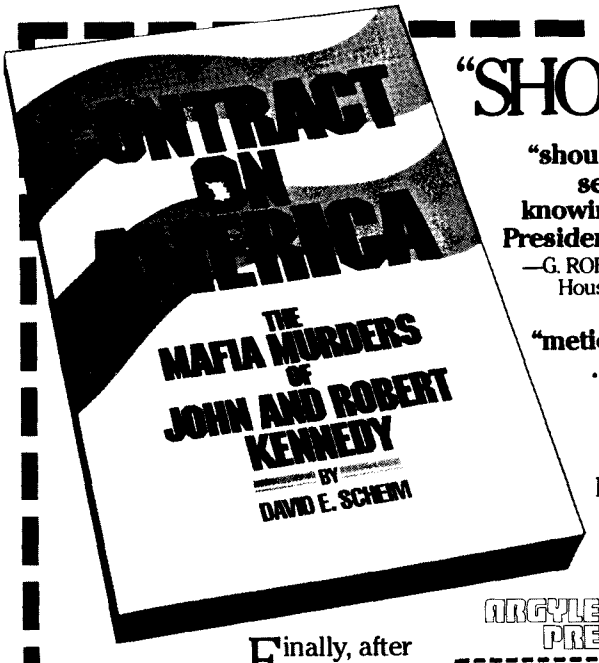

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into the stuff of fiction.

Despite the discontinuities of any correspondence, and the particularly shifting tone of these letters which often mimic the style of the addressee, certain basic character traits emerge. Chief among them is an almost morbid need for affection. Young Marcel is worried about the impression he makes to the point of writing self-portraits that are close to caricatures. This mirror disease in turn is a symptom of a deep narcissism, as well as of his sexual preferences. If Proust the writer was later to camouflage these preferences, there can be no doubt that the adolescent made open advances to several fellow students at the lycée. There is an explicit missive, written in class, to Jacques Bizet, the son of the composer of *Carmen*, which speaks of "plucking" the delicious flower "that we shall soon be unable to pluck." There is another one, to Daniel Halévy, in which he declares his admiration for his friend's agile body, and speaks of sitting on his lap and kissing his eyes. Granted that the style of these letters remains playfully elegant and literary, the preciosity of the language only stresses young Marcel's discomfort at the boldness of his requests, as well as his fear of being rebuffed (which he apparently was).

NOT ALL is endearing in this correspondence. The literary memory and readiness to quote are often bookish and affected. The self-indulgent, hypochondriac concern for his health became an excuse for procrastination and an anomalous existence. Not only did Proust keep irregular hours, sleeping during the day, reading and eating during the night, but one has the impression at times that he went directly from bed to dinner parties. In the hay fever season he made a point of never going out during the day. Even worse than this self-pampering is the sentimental blackmail he inflicted on his parents, who were doubtless frightened by his psychosomatic crises. When he met with opposition, or merely with criticism, he could easily become moody and temperamental—leaving the dinner table, slamming doors, sulking, writing urgent and annoyed messages. Tantrums were not unheard of. He himself tells, in one of his letters, how on a given occasion he trampled on a friend's hat, tore it into shreds, and then ripped out the lining! When his father died, he pretended to feel remorse and guilt. In

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fact, he felt more secure now that he had his mother all to himself.

The intellectual and aesthetic aspects of his character are more appealing. His interest in his studies was genuine, and he liked to establish personal relations with teachers he admired. A letter to his philosophy teacher Darlu is a true consultation in which he himself acutely diagnoses his self-consciousness, the cleavage he feels within himself as a result of excessive intellectualization, the habit of self-contemplation—all of which, he says, kills his spontaneity. Later on, scholarly, hedonistic, and social interests tend to mingle. To his composer friend Reynaldo Hahn he explains in a brief missive that he is still in bed, "drunk with reading Emerson," but that shortly he intends to go to the Bois, and suggests that they then both attend a defense of a Sorbonne thesis on "The Metaphysics of Sociology."

BEHIND this ethos of leisure, there is the stubborn commitment to literature. In its early stages, it took the form of a superficial infatuation. To Anatole France, the seventeen-year-old Proust, signing himself "A Student of Philosophy," writes the kind of letter his hero Marcel might have written to Bergotte. But literature soon became an obsession, then a vocation. Pressed by his career-minded father, a famous professor of medicine, to make a choice, Proust answered that he could not consider becoming either a lawyer or a stockbroker (there was also some talk of diplomacy, and a more serious attempt to become a librarian)—that whatever was not philosophy or literature was for him wasted time: "*temps perdu*." This is precisely the expression, with its double denotation of waste and loss (but a loss to be restored by a proper quest, or "*recherche*"), which many years later informs the suggestive title of Proust's great novel.

Some of these letters give a hint of Proust's early gifts as an incisive critic. In an offhand demonstration of critical virtuosity, he shows for instance how Mallarmé's images provide dark mirror effects, how under a cloak of archaism his art swiftly moves from an almost bare classical form to the most exuberant preciosity, how his funereal lines solemnize life. The assessment, for the benefit of Reynaldo Hahn, is brilliant. But Proust, in 1896, was less interested in explicating authors than in making use of them. If he reads one novel of Balzac after another, it is in a spirit of apprenticeship. In *Gobseck*, he claims to have found portraits of old nobles "of the kind I need for my novel." The creator of characters and themes is on the alert. His first love is, however, a poet's love of language. He quotes admiringly a line by Victor Hugo which proclaims that the word is a living being. He knows that only through the incantation of words will he be able to give life to the "thousand characters" and the "thousand ideas" that urge him, like the shades that plead with Odysseus in the underworld, to give them life and body.

THE FICTIONAL gifts displayed in the letters are essentially of a comic nature. This is to be expected in a correspondence so concerned with social life and gossip. The young Marcel draws portraits and caricatures with zest. They seem to be a way of satirizing the foolishness of social life to which he feels only too easily attracted. But here too, literary self-consciousness seems almost more important than the desire to entertain, or the need to exorcise his irritation with himself. One is constantly aware of literary models. Thus Gogol seems to have inspired the amusing passage on the nose of a royalist fop—a nose that "bristles, bridles, rebels," aspires to be arrogant, desperately wants to be the nose of a patrician, and only succeeds in parading a resplendent pimple.

Here and there, the correspondence offers poetic and thematic foreshadowings of the great novel to come. There is a letter describing a sunrise seen in a fever from a moving train, with the accompanying wild desire to "rape the sleeping little towns" that glide by. There are letters which contain in germ elements of Swann's jealousy, which cast light, well ahead of *A la Recherche du temps perdu*, on the themes of sickness and suffering (and their value for the artist), on the revelatory thrills of synesthesia, on the tragic nonsynchronization of desire, the famous "intermittences of the heart." The pain of mourning, his mother's voice "full of cracks and fissures" when she lost her parents, prepared him to relate grief to a sense of beauty and a need for retrieval.

Such adumbrations are not surprising; readers of an artist's correspondence expect to find them. What is perhaps unexpected is the young aes-

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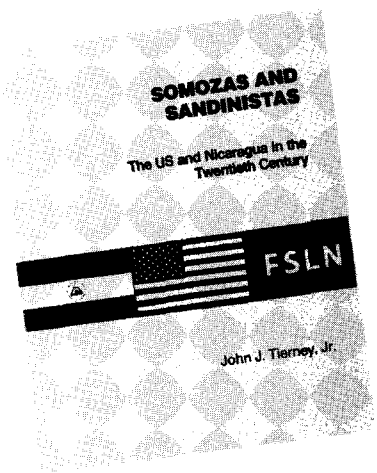

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thete's concern, and even anxiety, at the time of the Dreyfus case. Proust's dignified letter to Robert de Montesquiou about his half-Jewish background may be attributed to his devotion to his mother. But there is more to it. A number of letters clearly show his involvement in the events of 1898-1899. This was the year the Dreyfus case came to a violent climax which divided all of France along ideological lines, the year of Esterhazy's acquittal, of Zola's courageous protest *J'Accuse*, of the gathering of intellectuals' signatures, of the arrest of Colonel Picquart. Proust collected signatures for petitions, he attended Zola's trial, he wrote indignant letters about the reactionary press, communicated his admiration to Anatole France for having made his name "weigh in the Balance of Justice." He took pride in the common struggle.

These letters show Proust to be quite well informed. They are thoughtful, at times almost moving, as is the one in which he tries to console his mother when Dreyfus was again found guilty of treason by a court martial—though even in these letters he cannot refrain from referring to Balzac, Shakespeare, or Molière. Ralph Manheim, the translator, found the right tone. It was not always easy. It is one thing to render straightforward observations on anti-Dreyfusard or anticlerical excesses; and quite another to find the equivalent for the preciousness of the correspondence with Robert de Montesquiou. This English version does justice to both.

VICTOR BROMBERT

Victor Brombert is the Henry Putnam University Professor of Romance and Comparative Literatures at Princeton University, and author of *The Romantic Prison* (Princeton University Press).

IRISH TROUBLES, IRISH TRUTHS

Cal
by Bernard Mac Laverty

(George Braziller, 170 pp., $12.95)

The Northern Irish novelist Bernard Mac Laverty is practically unknown in America, certainly when compared to a master like Benedict Kiely, whose brilliantly lyrical short stories have appeared in *The New Yorker* over the past twenty years. Mac Laverty is far younger, with only two novels and a book of short stories to his name. He is also, by most standards, far less developed as a literary artist. But there is one respect in which Mac Laverty surpasses not only Kiely but most of Kiely's generation, and that is his willingness to probe the moral complexity of Northern Ireland's unavoidable subject: the Troubles.

Of course, other writers have dealt with the theme of sectarian conflict; Kiely's 1980 novella, *Proxopera*, is perhaps the best known work of fiction to have come out of the Troubles. But reading *Proxopera*, as well as the stories of Michael McLaverty, Mary Beckett, and even the otherwise subtle William Trevor, one gets the impression that Northern Ireland is largely populated by neutral and innocent bystanders. People who sympathize with the violence, or actually get involved in it, are almost always portrayed as masked, sloganeering bad guys: symbols of pure evil. The rounded characters, the ones worth caring about, tend to be victims: people thoroughly rooted in the culture, yet thoroughly above the fray. Even when forced into complicity with the terrorists—as is the hero of *Proxopera*—they somehow escape with clean hands.

This manner of depicting the situation has practically become a literary convention, probably because it has the great virtue of not degenerating into sectarian propaganda. Instead of taking sides, these writers take the higher moral ground of avowing that the important dichotomy in Northern Ireland is not between Catholic and Protestant, but between violent and nonviolent. Yet this avowal is too simple; Northern Ireland is full of decent people who *do* support the violence, or at least display the sort of mental compartmentalization by which deeply ingrained hatred for the other side may coexist with kindness toward its individual members, not to mention lofty ideals. The real challenge for the writer in such a situation is to depict the disturbing truth that human beings do not have to be monsters to participate in monstrous social strife.

Born in Belfast in 1942, Bernard Mac Laverty came of age during the most recent rounds of Troubles. *Cal* is his second novel, and from the first page it is clear that he is willing to rush in where others fear to tread. His hero, Cal, is a small-town Catholic who at nineteen already has an ulcer and a bad conscience. His mother is dead, and his father is one of the few Catholics to work at the local slaughterhouse. There is tension between Cal and his father because Cal has quit the job that his father obtained for him there—the sound of the "humane killer" and the stench of cattle blood make Cal ill. When the story begins, Cal is back on the dole, because there is no other work.

Except joining "the lads." Out of boredom and lukewarm commitment—Cal is no fervid Republican, but it is apparent he has precious little else to believe in—he allows himself to be pressed into helping a hard-core terrorist named Crilly murder a Protestant police officer. Then, while he is already troubled by guilt, Cal meets the officer's widow, a librarian ten years older than he, named Marcella—and steps into his own private purgatory by falling in love.

Mac Laverty doesn't write with a lilt, as does Kiely. But the grim, burning directness of his language suits a world where the only jobs available to a young man with a nervous stomach involve killing. And directness is needed to render the complicated ironies of Cal's situation. Morally confused about the murder, he seeks in Marcella a witch's brew of punishment, vindication, forgiveness, and revenge.

In its hopeless tangling of good with evil motives, *Cal* takes after Mac Laverty's first novel, *Lamb*, in which a rebellious Christian Brother flees the Borstal where he works, taking with him one of the residents, a twelve-year-old delinquent boy named Owen Kane. The Brother is afflicted by a loss of faith, but tells himself that he will find redemption by saving Owen. His noble impulse, however, is laced with baser

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ones: pride, despair, and sexual attraction to the boy. In an effort to resolve these painful ambiguities, he drowns Owen. Yet the ambiguities remain. The ending makes explicit—perhaps too explicit—the connection between this Brother's inability to commit a pure act and "the very country he came from." "The good that I do," he thinks bitterly, "is the evil that results."

IF 'LAMB' has a fault, it is a tendency to line everything up too neatly behind this articulated theme. *Cal* is more alive, messier, with fewer explanations. But unfortunately, Mac Laverty errs in the opposite direction in *Cal*, losing control over his characters the moment they become sexually involved. Marcella, who starts out older and wiser, transmogrifies into a dependent ingenue, seeking rescue and advice from Cal—who, for his part, seems to age about fifteen years. On one page he's a painfully self-conscious, insecure youth; on the next he is witty, patronizing, even lecherous.

Of course, many novelists revert to female and male stereotypes when describing sexual encounters—Mac Laverty is not unusual in that respect. Yet there is more to his stereotypes than the usual conventions of femininity and masculinity: Marcella and Cal become not just cardboard lovers, but *politicized* cardboard lovers.

First, Cal discovers that although Marcella was married to a Protestant, and still lives with her Protestant in-laws, she herself is a Catholic who actively dislikes her husband's family and everything they stand for. She also disliked her husband—to the point of being glad he is dead. Stifled and imprisoned in a Protestant household, she is reawakened by a love affair with a fellow Catholic. This development erases the original problem of Cal's remorse by turning his victim back into an oppressor, and his morally ambiguous situation back into the traditional polarization of coldhearted Protestants versus warmhearted Catholics.

Second, Mac Laverty feels compelled to add a dash of political swagger to Cal's newfound masculinity. Cal the reluctant fellow traveler, who spends the rest of the novel telling Crilly he wants out, becomes Cal the cocky Provo, informing Marcella that Ireland "will only have a future when the British leave." Given his political ambivalence, and the fact that he has not been able to bring

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himself to confess his part in the murder to Marcella, it seems unlikely that he would posture in this way. But posture he does—because his author is reaching for details to complete the picture of Cal as lover; and one such detail, it seems, is political certainty.

Cal would be a better novel if Mac Laverty had more control over this theme: enough to dramatize convincingly how a person like Cal could come to equate I.R.A. loyalty with manhood, or murder with the liberation of Catholic damsels in distress. But this change in Cal is not followed through; it lasts only as long as the sexual episodes of which it is a part. By the end, Cal is trying once again to dissociate himself from Crilly—to the point of informing the police about a bomb planted in Marcella's library. He also castigates himself for turning informer, and in general plunges back into the same old dilemmas, becoming so confused and guilty that he actually looks forward to being arrested and beaten by the police.

Thus it appears that Cal's brief transformation is inadvertent: one of those slip-ups which reveal not the character's psyche but the author's. If the confounding of politics with sexuality is Mac Laverty's theme, he needs to be more conscious of it; it should emerge on purpose, instead of by mistake. Nonetheless, he deserves credit for taking on a character for whom this theme is relevant, for cutting more deeply than mere condemnations of violence. According to Yeats, it is *the* Irish theme: not that politics reduces to sex, as contemporary American readers might have it, but rather that political fervor can sometimes be carried to such extremes that it replaces sex as a primary human passion.

> We had fed the heart on fantasies,
> The heart's grown brutal from the fare;
> More substance in our enmities
> Than in our love . . .

MARTHA BAYLES

Martha Bayles, a novelist, teaches writing at Harvard University.

THE ATHLETIC HERO

Sport and the Spirit of Play in American Fiction: Hawthorne to Faulkner
by Christian K. Messenger

(Columbia University Press, 369 pp., $24)

From the dawn of time, the "hero" seems always to have been an athlete. Gilgamesh outwrestling Enkidu to prove who was strongest in Uruk is by no means a unique example. Perhaps the only *trait d'union* between the heroes of the two great Homeric epics is their common respect for sport. And Greek mythology reads like a veritable roster of champions: Herakles, Pelops, Theseus, Hippolytus, and Atalanta to name a few.

But with rare exceptions—like Euripides's *Herakles*, in which the hero's struggle to regain the will to live becomes a symbolic thirteenth labor—the athleticism in Greek myths is usually not invested with deeper meanings. In post-Biblical literature, by contrast, Job is constantly depicted as wrestling against Satan. As one would expect, the devil tries numerous dirty tricks, but God's champion never capitulates. One need not read John Chrysostom's version to be able to draw the moral. But with such religious exceptions (the Apostle Paul's Olympic imagery being another), European athletic mythology too tends to remain more muscular than metaphorical.

America is quite different, perhaps because it lacks an epic heritage. Britain can boast that, thanks to Brute, London was once called Troy Novant, but no ancestor of George Washington is known to have fought at Ilium. The closest new world equivalent of Greeks versus Trojans is Harvard against Yale. Indeed a whole subliterature of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century celebrates worthies in football helmets like Frank Merriwell and Dink Stover. Their gridiron exploits on behalf of alma mater elevated Yale to a mythic status akin to Camelot for thousands of readers who hadn't the slightest notion where New Haven actually was.

This fact has more than mere anecdotal significance. For Dink Stover's ruminations (recorded by Owen Johnson in *Stover at Yale*, 1911) in the midst of a Yale-Princeton clash encapsulate the peculiar nature of sport in the American mentality:

> For the first time, a little appalled, he felt the weight of the seriousness, the deadly seriousness of the American spirit, which seizes on everything that is competition and transforms it, with the savage fanaticism of its race for success.

Herein lies an essential difference with the European literary attitude. The Homeric heroes remain honored champions even in old age. Nestor pointedly reminds everyone of his sporting exploits in days gone by; Agamemnon is hailed as a man who could win any event he chose to enter. Whereas in European literature athletic achievement is a synonym for heroism, in America it is, as Dink Stover sensed, a mere prelude.

And more often than not the winner at games proves to be a loser in later life, his former glory serving as a painful reminder of how far he has fallen. Contrast the final moments of the wounded charioteer Hippolytus, or A. E. Housman's eulogy for the athlete dying young, with the paradigmatically American situation of the protagonist in Irwin Shaw's *The Eighty Yard Run:* a middle-aged man, Bunyanesquely named Christian Darling, stands forlornly in the college football stadium, where long ago he had performed brilliantly. But everything thereafter had gone wrong. Hence his return to the scene of his youthful triumph:

> Here he was on a playing field that was fifteen years away and his wife was in another country having dinner with another and better man, speaking with him a different, new language, a language nobody had ever taught him.

This is poignantly restated in Robert Lowell's "Waking in the Blue," where the poet looks at one of his fellow inmates in the sanitarium:

> I grin at 'Stanley,' now sunk in his sixties,
> once a Harvard all-American fullback,
> (if such were possible!) . . .
> more cut off from words than a seal.

Those who claim America is the land of

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success have not studied its literature closely. For while in the European quest Jason returns in triumph with the Golden Fleece, Ahab perishes in his futile attempt to capture Moby Dick. The American protagonists are the precise opposites of Housman's hero. They are "runners whom renown outran/And the name died before the man."

BUDD SCHULBERG'S *What Makes Sammy Run?* is regarded as the ultimate expression of America's adoration of the Bitch Goddess Success. But another of his novels perhaps says it even better: *The Harder They Fall* (1947), ostensibly about boxing, is in fact a parable of aspiring American youth ultimately bowing its head to failure. It contains an almost lyrical description of American hype, when the press-agent protagonist philosophizes about the boxing match he's promoting. It is, of course, to be the greatest ever:

> Nick had the money. I had the tricks. And the American people, God bless them, had the credulity. You couldn't blame them entirely. They were a little punchy too. They had taken an awful pasting from all sides: radio, the press, billboards, throwaways, even airplanes left white streamers in the sky telling them what to buy and what to need. They could really absorb punishment, this nation of radio listeners and the shop-happy consumers, this great spectator nation. Only like the game fighter who smiles when he gets hit and keeps boring in for more, they were a little more vulnerable for every encounter.

Ironically, the narrator himself proves to be just as deluded as the public he thinks he is deceiving.

It is also worth noting how frequently American authors have their characters speak of the success ethic in terms of sport. Willy Loman ("He had all the wrong dreams") tells his two sons: "Bernard can get the best marks in school y'understand, but when he gets out in the business world y'understand, you are going to be five times ahead of him. That's why I thank Almighty God you're both built like Adonises."

Sport and the Spirit of Play by Christian Messenger is an important book which reflects America's growing awareness of the unique role sport plays in its life and literature. It distinguishes three phases in the fictional portrayal of the American athlete. First there is the "Popular Sports Hero," frontiersmen like Davey Crockett and Mike Fink, whose legendary exploits were the stuff of the nineteenth-century almanacs, from which emerged the dime novel, and ultimately, Ring Lardner. Thereafter comes the "School Sports Hero," a curious and moving literary reaction to the traumata of the nation during the Civil War. Battlefield carnage is sublimated into noble (but not fatal) strife on the playing field. This phase begins with Stephen Crane and culminates (with a little help from Tom Brown of Oxford) in the wildly popular, serialized tales of those "parfit" New Haven knights, Frank Merriwell and Dink Stover. Messenger is especially illuminating when he discusses Scott Fitzgerald's strongly ambivalent reaction to this figure. His earliest stories, and indeed his first novel, show an intoxication with the pulp football star. The rhapsodic prose of *This Side of Paradise* even gives him new stature. Here is Amory Blaine fantasizing of football glory: "For those minutes courage flowed like wine out of the November dusk, and he was the eternal hero, one with the sea-rover on the prow of a Norse galley, one with Roland and Horatius, Sir Nigel and Ted Coy [a Yale All-American fullback]."

But Fitzgerald then developed a violent antipathy to this character—specifically to the New Haven species. Witness his unflattering portraits of Yale athletes Tom Buchanan in *Gatsby* and Dick Diver in *Tender is the Night*. (Though Messenger ingeniously ferrets out covert allusions in Fitzgerald's characters' names, he seems to overlook a rather significant similarity between "Dick Diver" and the cardboard superhero "Dink Stover"). In any case, it is in Fitzgerald's fiction that we first encounter the image of the young athletic star who is a failure in later life. (Buchanan is "forever seeking, a little wistfully, for the dramatic turbulence of some irrecoverable football game.")

Hemingway's Robert Cohn and Faulkner's Labove in *The Hamlet* are two further examples of how the "School Sports Hero" becomes a "satiric emblem." But these two novelists are the principal creators of Messenger's third type of American sportsman, the "Ritual Sports Hero," a solitary, Adamic figure who seeks self-knowledge in the wilderness, striving only for himself, his own pride or revelation, renouncing public pressures and public rewards:

> No one in Hemingway and Faulkner hunts marlins or bears, or buys (and chases) horses in any quest for records or quantified achievement but, rather they encounter the "biggest" animal or fish or the most seductive pony. Furthermore, they experience the quality of the pursuit, which cannot be measured in terms of a score or a victory. In narrative after narrative, Hemingway and Faulkner belied the statistical truths of modern sport and its streamlined face by playing the real and the sacred.

Though he occasionally overschematizes, for example, trying to make Faulkner's fiction neatly correspond to Roger Caillois's quadripartite theory of play, on the whole Messenger's argument stands, and he convincingly demonstrates that the different sports figures evolved organically from changing realities in American sport and society. For there are many qualities of the so-

"'NICARAGUA Is Not an Enemy,' contends a *New York Times* Op-Ed piece by William Sloane Coffin. Well, maybe not. Maybe we're a little bit simplistic. But we've always felt, just as a rule of thumb, that when a country names us as 'the enemy of mankind' in its national anthem, friendly relations are getting off on the wrong foot."

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called Hemingway hero in the frontiersmen of James Fenimore Cooper and their "isolated, individual experience." And the natural morality of Cooper's Deerslayer finds echoes in the pithy maxims of Frank Merriwell. (Messenger might have noted the intriguing coincidence that the author of *The Leather-Stocking Tales*, whom one tends to imagine as a rough-hewn frontiersman like his heroes, was even more of an aristocratic Yale man than the author of *Dink Stover*.)

Messenger's "athletic Darwinism" is further substantiated by Harry Levin's observation that Hemingway's "ultimate protagonist is Jesus in 'Today Is Friday,' whose crucifixion is treated like an athletic feat, and whose capacity for taking punishment rouses a fellow-feeling in the Roman soldiers." Indeed, if it not be muscular Christianity per se, sport is nonetheless America's religion. Small wonder that God is often referred to by Faulkner as the "ancient immortal Umpire."

ERICH SEGAL

Erich Segal, the novelist, currently teaches classics at Yale.

GET SMART

The Shadow Warriors: O.S.S. and the Origins of the C.I.A.
by Bradley F. Smith

(Basic Books, 507 pp., $20.75)

The Last Hero: Wild Bill Donovan
by Anthony Cave Brown

(Times Books, 891 pp., $24.95)

When Hitler's armies swept across the plains of Poland in September 1939, the United States was the only world power that still lacked a secret intelligence service. The European nations continued to maintain the espionage and propaganda organizations developed in World War I. Even in democratic England, the foreign secretary considered it normal routine to peruse the thick sheaf of intercepts that arrived in a red leather box on his desk every morning—the fruits of systematic tapping of the foreign embassies in London. But when Secretary of State Henry Stimson discovered in 1929 that a six-man team called the American Black Chamber had broken the Japanese diplomatic code and for years had supplied tidbits to departmental officials, he cut off its funding at once. As Stimson put it in his patrician way, "Gentlemen do not read one another's mail."

In that era of diplomatic innocence, most Americans would have agreed with Stimson. His seemed a reasonable precept for an open society in peacetime. Later, during World War II, when the United States suddenly needed an agency to collect strategic information and to carry out irregular combat missions, Yankee ingenuity quickly found a way to create one successfully—or so popular mythology has it. The Office of Strategic Services and its founder, General "Wild Bill" Donovan, have enjoyed a good press. In the past decade alone half a dozen books have celebrated O.S.S. exploits. Yet the story of substantial achievement by the gifted amateurs in the O.S.S. has seemed inherently implausible: an intelligence organization of professional caliber is not born overnight. Now from Bradley Smith and Anthony Cave Brown we learn that the traditional account is indeed exaggerated. The first writers to obtain access to O.S.S. records on a large scale, Smith and Cave Brown approach the subject in radically different ways, but they both deflate the O.S.S. reputation.

Bradley Smith has written an outstanding account of the interagency bat-

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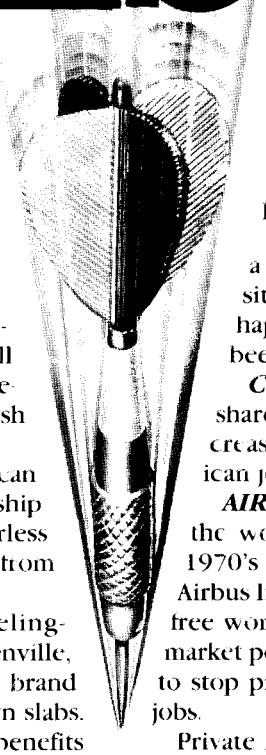

Brazil is the latest country seeking to sell hundreds of thousands of tons of subsidized steel slabs to an American steel company for finishing into steel products.

The slabs would replace steel made in America, further reduce our steelmaking capacity and throw out of work additional thousands of steel industry suppliers, steelworkers, and service employees in steel towns.

However, a Brazilian government representative said Brazil is "... being cautious and is still waiting to see the outcome of a similar deal between United States Steel Corporation and British Steel Corporation."

In earlier statements we warned the American public that if British Steel is allowed to annually ship 3 million tons of subsidized steel to U.S. Steel's Fairless Works, there would be a flood of cheaper deals from Brazil, Korea, and other countries.

Already, Brazil is negotiating with Wheeling-Pittsburgh Steel to ship raw steel slabs to Steubenville, Ohio. The Steubenville Works has just installed brand new "state-of-the-art" equipment to make its own slabs. Workers there have taken deep cuts in pay and benefits to help their company modernize.

Still, Wheeling-Pittsburgh officials say, the Brazilian steel would be far cheaper. Steubenville's inland location, modern equipment, and substantially lower labor costs are all overcome by the Brazilian government's subsidy to its new steel industry.

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Private American business firms and workers cannot compete against the governments of foreign countries. Some American industries are simply disappearing. Others are falling far behind their subsidized foreign competitors.

Today we are faced with the very real threat of losing America's steel independence. If we do, much of our military power and economic base will also be lost.

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Brazil Joins Britain In Attack On USA's Steel Independence

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tles in Washington that at times overshadowed the shooting war abroad. A veteran historian, author of two books on the Nuremberg trials, Smith is impatient with writers on intelligence who focus on the clandestine world of "beached rubber boats and trenchcoats in doorways." True to his principles, he offers not a single rubber boat in five hundred pages. Few producers will line up to buy the movie rights to *The Shadow Warriors*. Nevertheless, Smith draws on comprehensive research in American and British official archives, including those O.S.S. records now declassified, as well as on a wide variety of private collections (though not Donovan's own). He provides a masterful study of the O.S.S. at war as it appeared to higher officials in the eye of the storm.

Cave Brown, a British journalist and author of a popular account of deception in World War II, was invited to write Donovan's biography by William Casey, who had served as chief of secret intelligence in Europe. (It is a small but not surprising reflection on the Reagan Administration that its director of the C.I.A. should pass over the professional historians eager to tackle the job and fasten upon a chronicler of war stories.) Throughout his book, Cave Brown demonstrates a romantic predilection for special operations over the more mundane aspects of O.S.S. activity; that preference, however, may reflect Donovan's own interests. More serious is the author's failure to venture beyond Donovan's files and the standard secondary sources.

Malicious-minded Washington cognoscenti called the agency "Oh-so-social," and neither Smith nor Cave Brown thinks the sobriquet inapt. In April 1943 the O.S.S. employed only 1,650 people; by the end of the war there were sixteen thousand employees—about the size of a single army division. The O.S.S. ranks included the scions of the country's best known business families, Wall Street bankers, ex-polo players, and Russian princes; the brightest academics from the Ivy League and the eminent refugee intellectuals who gave them a second education; and the snappiest, most attractive young women turned out by Palm Beach, Locust Valley, and the Seven Sisters colleges. Few will contemplate the photograph supplied by Cave Brown of the devilishly handsome Henry Hyde posing at Secret Intelligence headquarters in Algiers, a bottle of claret on the table and his cigarette dangling at a rakish angle, without reflecting that this must have been the most agreeable way to fight the war.

Yet, as both these books make painfully clear, Donovan and his associates grossly overestimated the potential effectiveness of covert operations in the war effort. Misjudgments by inexperienced agents led to frequent tactical embarrassments in the Mediterranean and the Balkans, the only theaters where the O.S.S. had a mandate to operate freely. In the last eighteen months of the European war the agency's organization improved. The Bern and Stockholm outposts generated a reasonably accurate flow of strategic information; the Research and Analysis branch won increasing respect from the military for its work; and agents in touch with the European Resistance movements gave marginal help to the Allied armies following the landings in France. Still, failures loomed larger than successes in the field.

Smith shows that Donovan, though an indefatigable empire builder, developed no consistent view of how a central intelligence organization should operate. He did not foresee how the various tasks of strategic intelligence gathering, research and analysis, guerrilla operations, counterespionage, and psychological warfare might fit together coherently. As a result, the O.S.S. lacked a clear mission and constantly

STUDY

For three weeks rain pocked January drifts
with a sound like footsteps
of many tired people,

then soaked a dirty pile
of leaves and earth scoured
in the fury of clearing snow . . .

Ambition leaked from me. I was willing
to donate my life
to plumped pillows, the comfortable armchair . . .

But instead I drove past a little farmhouse
with a big cordwood stack
like its blind solid shadow,

past the shuttered farmstand
where soon the paddock gate
would be thrown back, and pots of marigolds—

those easy flowers—set out on sawhorses
for customers who couldn't wait for bushel baskets
to overflow with peas, and crates with green lettuce-roses,

and I thought, soon the shadow beside the house
will shrink in noon heat, and the sign on the door
flip from CLOSED to OPEN—HAVE A NICE DAY . . .

Once in my study
I felt every minute, *You can't*
work any longer. But I worked.

And when I couldn't write,
read, without anxiety,
thumbed-over paperback books . . .

JOYCE PESEROFF

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shifted its focus, following the convoluted course of bureaucratic warfare in Washington. One comes away from both of these books with some sympathy for General MacArthur's and Admiral Nimitz's resolve to keep the O.S.S. out of the Pacific theater and for President Truman's decision to dissolve the agency on two weeks' notice in September 1945. The intelligence community had to lobby strenuously for two years before the O.S.S. was reconstituted as the Central Intelligence Agency. Most top officials of the agency had won their spurs in the O.S.S., and it would not be surprising if some felt nostalgic for the free-and-easy ways of the war. But the C.I.A. that took shape between 1947 and 1951 appeared leaner and considerably better focused than its predecessor.

General Donovan's magnetic personality held the O.S.S. together through the changing fortunes of American belligerency and left its imprint on those who shaped American intelligence policy afterward. Cave Brown offers a colorful account of Donovan's career. Son of an independent-minded Irish immigrant who rose to the position of railroad yardmaster in Buffalo, Donovan figured from youth onward as a resourceful, silky charmer who kept his eye on the main chance. He became a Columbia University football hero and a passable lawyer, broke every class and ethnic barrier in his native city, and contracted an emotionally distant but advantageous marriage to the richest heiress who came within his ken. Courageous to the point of recklessness, he distinguished himself as a battalion commander at the Ourq in 1918 and won the Congressional Medal of Honor.

But the interwar years brought disappointment. Donovan's political career failed to get off the ground. Herbert Hoover broke an implicit promise to appoint him attorney general for his services during the 1928 Presidential campaign. Donovan then returned to Wall Street and founded the law firm that bears his name. Yet so adventurous a spirit could scarcely rest content with a stuffy corporate practice. A break came when his friend Frank Knox became secretary of the Navy in 1940. Knox sent Donovan on a mission to Britain that brought him into the White House orbit, and Donovan made the most of opportunity.

Smith's analysis of Donovan's ambivalent relationship with Franklin Roosevelt is more plausible than Cave Brown's. The intelligence game had always fascinated F.D.R. In 1918, as Joseph Alsop has revealed, Roosevelt and Alice Longworth had personally planted a bug under Bernard Baruch's couch and exposed the financier's dalliance with a woman he had introduced around town as his niece. Undoubtedly Donovan's fertile imagination and high spirits attracted the President. Yet F.D.R. bestowed his personal favor with notorious fickleness. And could he ever wholly trust an unreconstructed conservative who had ascended into a class position that Roosevelt himself had striven for so long to live down? In 1941 the President appointed Donovan coordinator of information for a practical reason: to conciliate those Republican internationalists whose cooperation he needed to fashion a bipartisan foreign policy as the threat of war loomed nearer.

ALTHOUGH the White House backed the O.S.S. in the early days, Donovan needed all the support he could muster in the back alleys of bureaucratic politics. Under his aegis he assembled a jumble of activities that infringed on territory staked out by the State Department, the F.B.I., two government news services, the Office of Naval Intelligence, and the Military Intelligence Division. With varying militancy all these agencies enlisted in the opposition ranks. The narrowly focused but highly professional signals experts in O.N.I. and M.I.D. had, long before Pearl Harbor, deciphered the main Japanese coding systems and begun to supply the MAGIC intercepts that were to prove so important in the Pacific war. Their worry that the highly visible and underadministered Donovan enterprise might compromise the security of their operations seems, in retrospect, not unjustified.

The O.S.S. survived largely because the Joint Chiefs of Staff took it under their wing in mid-1942. Still, Donovan continued to show himself an unskillful political operator and a slipshod administrator. In his private capacity he had neglected to file income tax returns for a decade, and as purgatory would devote his twilight years to endless litigation with the I.R.S. As O.S.S. chief he exhibited no greater tolerance for the trivialities of administration and finance, and concentrated his energies instead on cloak-and-dagger operations. Cave Brown provides an amusing if often prolix account of such special operations, with names like Penny Farthing, Noah's Ark, Falling Sparrow, and Snapdragon. The details of his narrative, however, must be accepted with a grain of salt—he gives the impression that he occasionally stretches his evi-

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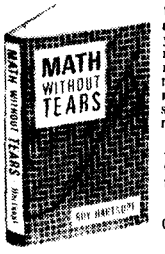

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dence in order to make a good story better.

Cave Brown asserts that, although no one ordered Admiral Darlan's assassination after the politically embarrassing "deal" that culminated the North African landings in 1942, the royalists who carried out the deed were trained by O.S.S. agent Carleton Coon and may have used his pistol. Donovan, he intimates, may have been involved in the otherwise inexplicable compromise peace discussions that an American journalist named Morde carried on with Ambassador Franz von Papen in Istanbul during 1943. The chief local operative for the O.S.S. unit in Turkey, he indicates, doubled as an Abwehr agent. Consequently, an O.S.S. effort to detach Bulgaria from the Axis early in 1944 led to the exposure of the anti-Nazi underground throughout East Central Europe. In Greece, Yugoslavia, and Italy, the O.S.S. and the British Special Operations Executive devoted almost as much time to maneuvering against each other as they did to fighting the enemy.

Throughout Donovan sought to play a personal role in the drama. In Burma he flew over enemy lines in a monoplane. At Anzio and Normandy he stormed ashore with the troops, risking capture in a way no one with his secret knowledge ought to have done. A British colleague commended him as brave, shrewd, and lovable "for all the blarney," and he inspired unswerving confidence in his men. Nevertheless, the incoherence of the O.S.S. reflected in part the fault lines in Donovan's own character. Part of the reason the O.S.S. failed after the war to build a political constituency favorable to a unified intelligence agency was that most Americans, fresh from victory, did not wish to contemplate a world of perpetual strife that would require such an organization. Yet that failure also stemmed from a long record of bureaucratic inattention by Donovan himself.

The figure whom Smith admires most is not "Wild Bill" Donovan but the eminently sober William Langer, the Harvard diplomatic historian who headed the Research and Analysis Branch of the O.S.S. Langer recruited the pick of American university life and tolerated wide ideological diversity in his barony. Sherman Kent, Everett Gleason, and Geroid Robinson sat cheek by jowl with Herbert Marcuse, Paul Sweezy, and H. Stuart Hughes. Langer preferred to lead with the velvet glove, but he could bare the fist when necessary. By giving clear directions and setting high standards, he motivated highly independent academics to work in interdisciplinary harmony and to harness scholarship for the war effort.

Langer sought a clientele for his product within several government departments. Like any skilled merchandiser, he supplied what the trade required. Alongside its formal area studies, R & A provided maps (millions of them), air targeting support, briefings for combat missions, and P.O.W. interrogation services. Toward the end of the war, it began to emphasize political analysis again and to study occupation problems. When the O.S.S. was dissolved, R & A lived on in the State

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Department as the Office of Research Intelligence and then as the initial building block for the C.I.A. "Langer's way," as Smith describes it, established the practice of using academic talent in intelligence work—a tradition that lasted until the Vietnam War brought an acrimonious parting between the academy and the intelligence community.

Smith investigates with care the charge that O.S.S. reporting acquired an anti-Soviet tone in 1944-45 and helped set the tempo for the Cold War. He finds the agency not guilty. The O.S.S. harbored within its ranks both Marxists (who proved invaluable in establishing contacts with the European Resistance) and hard-line anti-Communists. But the organization as a whole steered clear of partisan politics. Indeed, Donovan maintained a working relationship with the N.K.V.D. well into the summer of 1945, long after Soviet actions in Eastern Europe had prompted the State Department to shift to a noticeably harder line.

Smith does, however, indict the O.S.S. for a graver sin—persistent misjudgment about the value of shadow warfare. On slender evidence, American leaders came to believe that a Nazi fifth column, operating behind the lines, had contributed to the Allied collapse of 1940. They gave too much credence to stray MAGIC dispatches in which the Japanese boasted of suborning the nisei in the Western hemisphere. When war caught the United States unprepared, it was tempting to think that counterespionage and secret operations could compensate for deficits in military strength. O.S.S. personnel had a bureaucratic motive for nurturing that illusion. Some came to believe it. Smith contends that this mistaken view lived on in the C.I.A. When the Bay of Pigs operation led to disaster in 1961, a high agency official observed ruefully in a postmortem that "secret shenanigans couldn't do what armies are supposed to do." The lesson cuts two ways. To this day both supporters and detractors of the intelligence establishment tend to exaggerate what shadow warfare can accomplish.

STEPHEN A. SCHUKER

Stephen A. Schuker teaches history at Brandeis University and is the author of *The End of French Predominance in Europe* (University of North Carolina Press).

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 4*

verifiability to SALT II than he does to the unnegotiated (but very popular) freeze proposal. It may be the Senator is merely an independent thinker on foreign policy and defense issues, but his various stances still leave me confused.

RECALLING RICKEY

To the editors:

Red Barber's review ("Leadoff Man," TNR, July 4) correctly points out that New York sportswriters Dick Young and Harold Rosenberg "hated" Burt Shotton, the retired manager Branch Rickey brought in to take charge when Happy Chandler benched Leo Durocher for a year. What Barber fails to note is that another great redhead, Red Smith (of blessed memory), had the courage to say that Chandler benched Durocher not so much for the real or imagined companions Leo had, but as a means of striking back at Rickey for having flouted the consensus of the fifteen other owners by bringing Robinson into the majors.

Another point missed by both Jules Tygiel and Red Barber is the key role played by Southern liberal Dan Dodson. An N.Y.U. sociology professor, Dr. Dodson toured New York's civic and social circuit from the Brooklyn Bridge to Coney Island laying a human relations foundation that made Rickey's action acceptable to the Faithful of Flatbush.

BERT S. GERARD
Phoenix, Arizona

THE WILD WEST

To the editors:

Please correct two misleading statements that slipped into my article on Francis Parkman ("Romantic Historian," TNR, August 15 & 22) after I had returned my proofread copy. *The Discovery of the Great West* was thoroughly revised not in 1869 but a decade later, when it became *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West*. I did not write and do not believe that "Parkman survives thanks to his enduring narrative power." Despite his obvious limitations, I believe that his research, his imaginative sympathy, and his historical intelligence contribute heavily to the endurance of his narrative power.

DAVID LEVIN
London, England

TRB, *from page 6*

than this—if we may call it by an ancient and honorable name—Ever Normal Missilery or, if the Administration prefers, the Payment-in-Kilotonnage program? Or even, with just a transposed pair of letters, a Silo Bank? Set a base for parity—perhaps the 1980 defense budget, which President Carter had already substantially escalated. Then, with all the experience the Agriculture Department has logged over the years, create formulas that will guarantee to the defense contractors the same income they made in that good year, provided they do not produce the weapons. They might receive cash, currently or deferred against a year when a tax position might be more advantageous, or a payment in kind, in which case they could sell the missiles to a foreign government. The present Reagan Administration policy, however, of selling agricultural surpluses at a favorable price to the Soviet Union might have to be discontinued in the defense area as leading to a too-rapid stabilization of the arms race.

The advantages seem to be substantial. The income of defense-related businesses would be guaranteed, the work force would be maintained at a prosperous level, the scientific "team" could be kept on board, and, best of all, the weapons would not be built. And, of course, budget deficits would begin to decline, thus taking care of what seem to many thoughtful observers the twin dangers of the '80s—too many weapons and too large an annual deficit. At a time when "hawks" call for a 10 percent increase in real dollar defense spending, "doves" seek to limit it to 5 percent, and "moderates" propose a settlement at 7 percent or so, it is clear that no truly sensible reduction is in prospect under present policies.

Let us then think boldly about the agricultural model of stabilizing—freezing, if one will—defense spending at the 1980 level, but in such a way that the apparent objectives of the Pentagon and its partisans can be met: a stable income for the contractors so that places will always be available for retired high-ranking officers, a maintenance of spending for jobs all over the country, and continued research slots for the scientific community. A chance at economic recovery and a simultaneous reduction in weaponry might not be too high a price to pay.

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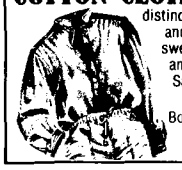

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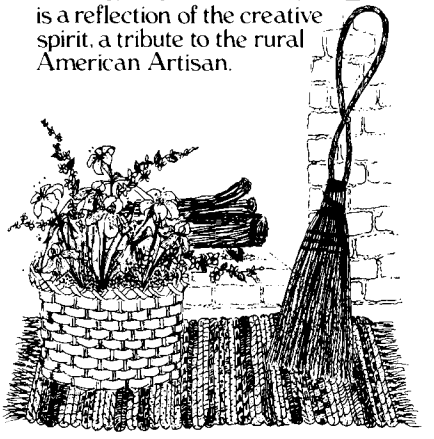

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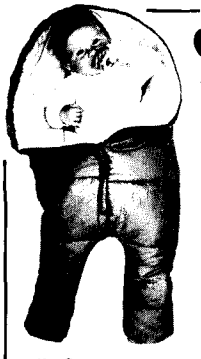

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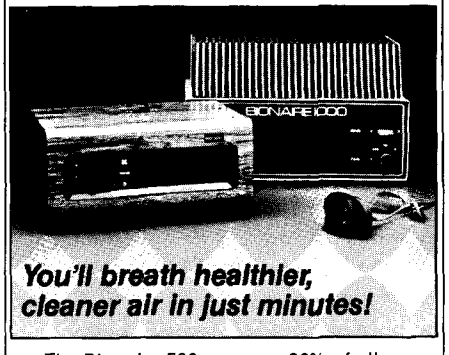

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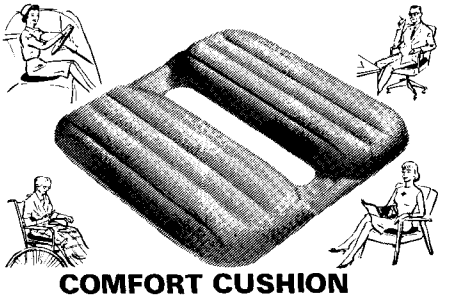

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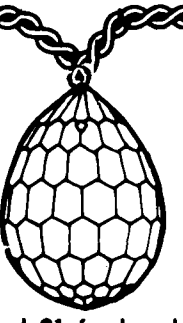

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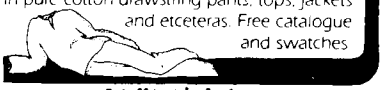

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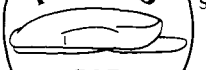

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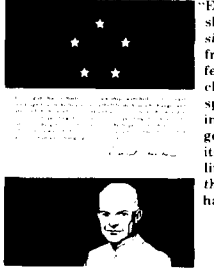

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CAPE COD DIARIST

Letter To My Summer House Guests

ANOTHER PEACEFUL summer season has passed here in our cottage on the bay in Cape Cod, and I want to take this opportunity to thank you for being such perfect guests, and to reiterate the house rules so that your visit next summer may prove to be an even greater success.

THE HOUSE GIFT. It is necessary to bring a small offering, preferably a large, cooked meal which can be eaten cold with the fingers. A hatchback-full of zucchini from your garden is not welcome and is considered a hostile, provocative act. A new blender is an especially thoughtful idea. Last summer's blender, you will remember, burned itself out in a valiant five-speed attempt at pesto sauce. This is probably as good a time as any to let you know that I lied about the chewy little white chunks that clung to the linguini. They were not unosterized pignolia nuts. A white rubber spatula also makes a nice house gift.

WHAT TO BRING. You will need a bathing suit, a toothbrush, dental floss in case of native corn, your own sun block, and proof of passage back to where you came from. Travel lightly. Steamer trunks will be confiscated. Yours is not to be a visit of nineteenth-century duration. I am not Jane Austen.

MEALS. After the traditional welcoming corn on the cob and lobster dinner, further meals will not be provided. Do not be fooled by the splendor of this meal or the graciousness of your hostess. You are on hospitality death row. Make the most of it. Let me butter your corn. Let me crack your claws. I will even light your last cigarette. Do not offer to help me clear the table. Defy my martyrdom by the merest hint of rising from your place, and I will slam you back into your chair. By Saturday breakfast, before your zinnias (which I have picked for you and placed on your night table in happy anticipation of your Friday night arrival) have begun to wilt, you will find yourself on your culinary own. You may have been coddled on Friday night, but by Saturday morning you are underdone. The coffee is in the refrigerator and the filter papers are on the pantry shelf. I like mine black, with half a teaspoon of sugar.

IF COFFEE NERVES give way to an appetite for lunch, you are expected to help yourself from the refrigerator. Now it is my turn to feign trying to rise from my chaise lounge, and your turn to insist that you will not be waited upon. Make your choice quickly. Do not open the door and stare. Whenever the refrigerator door is opened, a light goes on in me. Although as a hostess I am certifiably brain dead, the 25-watt glow reflected off the white interior enamel produces the same effect upon me, splayed out on my chaise, as an electrode applied to the nerves of a formaldehyde frog on a laboratory table. I twitch with phantom, hostess guilt. If you do not conclude within seconds that there is nothing to eat except baking soda, I will feel compelled to assist you to that conclusion by reciting the contents of the refrigerator, starting and ending with a bottle of mossy capers and a can of Bon Vivant vichyssoise left over from from the botulism recall of the '60s. If you can think of nothing to make with capers and a convex can of soup, but continue to starve, I will switch my compulsive attention to the contents of the pantry shelves and begin to recite the dusty inventory of seasons of ambitious but unexecuted festive Saturday lunches—a tiny bottle of anise extract, the forerunner of a dandy bouillabaisse; a gauze bag of bouquet garni, destined for soupe de moules; and a tin coffin of anchovy fillets, with key, which, so far, has failed to metamorphose into salade Niçoise. Unless you are prepared to wait in line at the A&P reading in the *National Enquirer* about Princess Di and your horoscope (which will tell you that this is the perfect weekend for you to stay home and take stock) I recommend that you spare us both this hopeless, ritual game of no-win bingo, and eat out.

LAUNDRY. There is no laundry. There are no towels. In the event that wetness occurs after swimming or showering, guests are requested to jump up and down on the deck until the condition clears up. The beds are made fresh at the beginning of every season. In order that subsequent guests may also enjoy clean sheets, please sleep on top of the bedspread.

CONVERSATION. I will not ask you if you had a good night's sleep if you will not ask me. Do not tell me your dreams. Since I am not responsible for the weather, but only feel as if I am, statements like, "I love a rainy day at the beach" are regarded as insincere and passive-aggressive. So are the questions, "Is there anything I can do?" and "Where do you keep the ice cubes?" Unwelcome topics of conversation include periodic reports that you are "unwinding" (you are not unwinding, you are feeling the first heady symptoms of malnutrition), and estimates of the height of the stack of mail that awaits you on your desk. Be especially careful not to tell me how lucky I am to be able to be on vacation all summer. I am not on vacation. I am entertaining you. Permissible subjects of conversation include my dreams, my tan, and your stretch marks.

WEATHER. After two consecutive days of rain, the impulse to go home is a healthy one and should be acted upon.

YOUR DEPARTURE. Do not strip the bed. (See "laundry" above.) Do not leave anything behind. If you do, you may purchase it next summer at bargain prices any Wednesday between 11 A.M. and 4 P.M. from the Sisters of the Immaculate Visitation at St. Mary's by the Harbor thrift shop. Should you finish a book while you are here, remember—this is a literate household. Sidney Sheldon novels are not a welcome addition to our bookshelves.

OFF-SEASON COMMUNICATIONS. If I should, in the course of speaking with you during the winter months, prove to be suffering from short-term memory loss and invite you once again for a visit next summer, please be good enough not to remind me of it next spring.

MARY-LOU WEISMAN

Mary-Lou Weisman is the author of *Intensive Care: A Family Love Story* (Random House).

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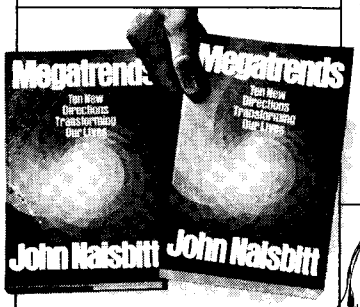

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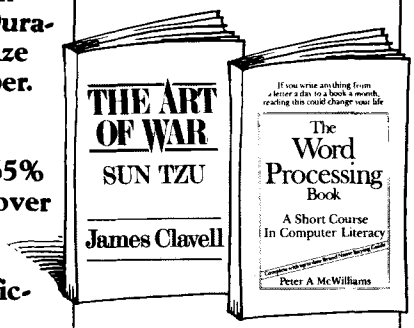

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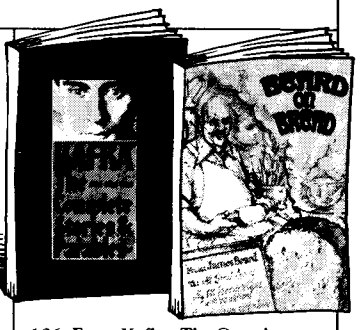

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